



THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. ANNUAL



AUTHORISED EDITION
Starring ROBERT VAUGHN as NAPOLEON SOLO
and DAVID McCALLUM as ILLYA KURYAKIN
LEO G. CARROLL plays ALEXANDER WAVERLY



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THE MAN FROM UNCLE ANNUAL



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The BAD JOKE Affair

Act I

Napoleon Solo basked in the smile of the lissom, brown-skinned air hostess. He watched with an appreciative gaze as she glided down the aisle of the Boeing 707, winging its way to San Cristobel at thirty-thousand feet.

Then the man from UNCLE reached out for the dry martini which the hostess had just placed before him.

He was mildly irritated to find a fly in his glass. But his irritation turned to curiosity as he watched the fly struggle over the rim of the glass, fall on to the tray, and writhe about until it died. Then it shrivelled away.

"Interesting!" thought the agent.

From the stamp-pocket in his wallet, he took out a tiny blue litmus paper. He held it between finger and thumb and dipped it into the martini.

He was hardly surprised when it turned red. "Hm! Drugged! Someone does not want me to reach San Cristobel alive!" he mused.

On an impulse, he looked round quickly. His eyes met those of an elderly woman in rusty black clothes. She was the only person watching him. Surprised by his sudden glance, she looked away hurriedly.

Solo ordered no more drinks. He unbuttoned his jacket, the better to snatch out the snub Walther F.38 nestling in his shoulder holster. Then he settled down warily to wait—and watch.

"An odd assignment!" he thought to himself.



He recalled the cryptic remarks of his chief at UNCLE Headquarters, Mr. Waverly. "I'm afraid I can't tell you much about this assignment, Mr. Solo. We have received a tip-off that THRUSH is after a certain formula. We don't know exactly what it is, but if THRUSH want it so badly, we've got to know why! Understand?"

"No, sir," Solo had answered truthfully. "But where do I go, who's my contact, and when do I start?"

Mr. Waverly had spun the revolving conference-table, so that a small envelope landed in front of Solo. "Your ticket to San Cristobel . . . look for a man called Vangos Domingo . . . and your flight leaves at six tonight!" his chief had said crisply.



Solo had stood up to go. But Waverly added: "Oh, there's just one clue we have about the formula . . . it's known as Padre Polito's Formula!"

Solo's train of thoughts were interrupted as the cabin light flashed: "Fasten Your Seat Belts." Over the speakers came the voice of the pilot: "We are now approaching San Cristobel."

The air hostess was leaning towards him, a tray in her hand, collecting empty glasses. "You didn't finish your martini, Mr. Solo!"

He looked into her dark eyes and could read no hint of treachery there. "Er—no! You can take it away, Miss," he said. Then, as an afterthought, he said: "Oh, by the way, who's the old dear sitting over there?"

The hostess smiled. "That's Senorita Domingo," she whispered.

Solo stopped fastening his seat belt and stared. "Domingo!" he thought. "I wonder . . .?"

His pretty companion was speaking again. "She has some sort of business in the city. In fact, our passenger list is quite distinguished this trip! Apart from the Senorita, we have El Hirsuit on board the plane!"

Solo lifted an eyebrow. "El Hirsuit? Who's he?"

She seemed to think he was joking.

"Oh, but you must have heard his latest record 'Ooobi Doobi Rop!', haven't you?" she asked.

Solo shrugged. "Er—no . . . But I gather it's a pop number. So El Hirsuit can *only* be the young guy with the long hair sitting at the front, eh?"

"That's right," said the hostess. "Isn't he wonderful?"

Solo was saved from answering, as the plane was coming in to land.

When the plane had ceased to throb, and the door was opened, he joined the other passengers in leaving the aircraft.

Act II

El Hirsuit had gone first. His departure seemed to be a carefully arranged bit of publicity. For his appearance on the top step of the gangway was greeted by howls of ecstasy from hundreds of waiting fans.

Senorita Domingo was just ahead of Solo in the queue to leave the plane. She said to him over her shoulder: "Isn't this ridiculous? Just because he has long hair and sings to a guitar!"

They followed the pop star down the steps. Airport police seemed to be finding it difficult to curb the yelling fans. Suddenly they broke through the barriers and came swarming on to the tarmac.

Solo found himself jammed in the middle of the teenage tidal-wave. Nearby he spotted the blond wig of El Hirsuit. The youngsters were yelling his name. Suddenly he began to sing. "Ooobi Doobi Rop! Ooobi Doobi Rop! Throw all your cares away, Pop! Ooobi Doobi Rop!"

Did you know that Omar Khayyam wrote a treatise on Algebra, and that this branch of mathematics was developed long ago by the Arabs?

The crowd took up the rhythmic chant. They produced strange shell-like instruments which emitted a piercing note.

Solo had taken the mobbing in good part. But suddenly an alarm bell seemed to go off inside his head. He tried to fight his way out. But he could not breach that wall of humanity.

"Ooobi Doobi Rop!" The chant was getting shriller, more frenzied. So was the nerve-tingling note of their shell instruments. "Whee-eee-eeEEE!"

Solo's senses began to reel. He clutched his hands to his ears, trying to block out the din. And then he stared around and discovered that every one of the "fans" was wearing ear-plugs.

The knowledge that he had been neatly trapped came as a bitter afterthought to Solo as he pitched forward, insensible.

When he woke, he was lying strapped to a stretcher in a moving vehicle. A quick glance told him that it was an ambulance.

Nearby sat a tough-looking man in a white coat, who wore a stethoscope around his neck. He was apparently playing the role of a doctor, though Solo would have betted heavily that his only qualification was in brute force and thuggery.

"Are you feeling better?" came a woman's rather rusty voice.

Solo stared round to find his companion from the plane. He said drily: "Senorita Domingo! Fancy seeing *you* here! Poisoned any good drinks lately?"

He spotted a flush of annoyance under her sallow make-up. But she answered calmly enough: "You *were* clever to suspect the martini, Mr. Solo. But it only contained a knock-out drop!"

"Tell that to the fly!" murmured the agent.

Domingo shrugged. "Actually, the knock-out drop would have been far less painful than the method we *had* to adopt—the supersonic whistles! There's always the danger of *that* bursting the ear-drums before one loses consciousness."

The "doctor", who had been peering through the front window of the ambulance, now growled something in Spanish. The woman nodded. To Solo she said: "We're here! Not the hospital, of course! This ambulance was just a handy way of getting you out of the airport after you fainted."

The ambulance ran down a slope into an underground garage. Solo heard the hollow slam of metal doors. Then the tough-looking man unstrapped him from the stretcher, and nudged him with a gun. "Go!" he urged, in thick tones.

Solo climbed from the vehicle. The garage was full of neat delivery vans. They were blue and gold, and each had blazoned across the side a sign which showed a beaming, red-faced monk holding out a bottle of golden liquid, and the words: "Formula Padre Polito."

His thoughts in a whirl, the UNCLE agent followed Senorita Domingo up a flight of stone steps that led from the underground garage.

They were now in the factory that made Padre Polito's Formula. It was silent and deserted, but had the air of being a busy workshop at normal times.

Solo sniffed at the air. It was heavy with aromatic smells that brought back with a rush a boyhood memory of a powerful cough medicine that he used to have to take—but hated.

"This—er—formula?" began Solo, as the woman led the way into a luxurious office with her name on the door. "It wouldn't have anything to do with a patent medicine—would it?"

The man behind him growled, as

if suspecting Solo of a wise-crack. The agent was thrown roughly into a chair, and his guard stood over him, threateningly.

But the senorita, who was removing her rusty black hat and coat, demurred. "Don't be too rough on Mr. Solo!" she said. "I'm sure Mr. Solo is going to co-operate!"

Solo sat up. He had taken the chance to check his shoulder holster—only to find his gun gone. "Co-operate? How?" he asked.

She smoothed her bun of grey hair. "Well you see, Mr. Solo, we happen



to know that you have been sent here by THRUSH to try and steal the formula."

Solo could not restrain a thin smile. "If I can just correct a misunderstanding," he began.

"It is no use bluffing!" snapped Senorita Domingo. She opened her handbag, took out a business-card and tossed it on the desk where Solo could see it. "You see, we found this in your pocket!"

Solo swallowed hard as he looked at the card. It was gilt-edged, and printed in neat copperplate across it

were the words: Thomaso Hudenti Riposto Universale Su Hacienda.

"That was given to me by a little guy on the plane," he said patiently. "A little guy with a cast in one eye, and half his left ear missing. He said he had been an underground fighter during the war. He said that he had fought with Americans, and loved them. He asked me to come and visit him—and I took his card, just to shut him up!"

Domingo gave an angry "pouf!" and her eyes narrowed. "Don't lie!" she rasped. She motioned to the guard, who swung into action. Pain burst like a bomb at the base of Solo's neck. He slumped forward. . . . His attacker hauled him upright again.

The woman spoke slowly: "We shall *pretend* you are a stranger, innocent of motives then, Mr. Solo. . . . We shall pretend it was an accident, as you say, that you are carrying a THRUSH business-card."

A sudden, shattering explanation dawned in Solo's brain. He leaned forward and snatched up the business-card. He read it again—then groaned within. For the initial letters of each word on the card made up the word THRUSH!

Measuring his words carefully, he asked: "Let me get this straight, please! . . . Is THRUSH the Thomaso Hudenti Riposto Universale Su Hacienda?"

"You did not know?" said the woman, with icy sarcasm.

But Solo went on: "And it is a rival firm, which like yours makes patent medicine? And this rival firm, THRUSH, would like to get hold of your Formula Padre Polito? And you think *I'm* here to do the job?"

The agent felt his hair grabbed and his head hauled back by the strong-arm man. As for Senorita Domingo, she brought her face close to Solo's and said throatily: "That formula has been the basis of my family fortunes. It was discovered by my grandfather, who was hailed as a saviour because he spooned the medicine into a village full of sick children—and saved the lives of all but one. Now every house and cottage in our land has a bottle of Formula Padre Polito in the cupboard—thanks to

the business genius of my father, and after that my brother Vangos Domingo. . . ."

Solo felt his bewilderment deepen. He interrupted the woman with: "Vangos Domingo? Where is he? Can I see him?"

She gave him a frosty glare. "My brother, rest his soul, died eight years ago," she said. "But this is wasting time. First you are going to admit that you are from THRUSH, Mr. Solo. And then you will be sent back with a message."

"Yes, *and* a few scars!" thought Solo. "Time to move!"

He exploded into action, hurling himself backwards over the chair. He lashed out with his elbows, and felt one of them dig deep into the belly of the man behind.

The thug went down hard, gasping. His gun flipped across the floor. Solo pounced on it. "Now, Miss Domingo!" he said smoothly. "You are going to walk ahead of me out of this place. And if Muscles here should get his breath back and try to follow . . ."

He left his threat unspoken as he pushed the glowering woman through the door of the office. She walked ahead to a side door, and began to open it.

"Hold it!" rapped Solo. He pulled her back, and peered through the crack. The door led on to an alley, and there was a snappy low-slung Mercedes parked there. The top was down, and the keys in the ignition.

The agent stepped outside, slamming the door behind him. He dived into the car. The engine purred into life.

But as he shot away from the factory, Solo was busy cataloguing the doubts that sprang to mind . . . "Too easy!" he pondered. "Why should she have taken me to an alley with a getaway car parked so conveniently? Maybe it's just my lucky day—or maybe they planted the car, with the keys in it, to speed me on my way out of the country!"

There was no sign of pursuit, so he pulled into a side road and stopped. He felt in his pocket, and found his communicator still there.

His suspicion grew into a certainty.



"They've left me with this so that I can tell UNCLE Headquarters 'it's all a mistake!' . . . Well, I'll play along with their little game!"

He quickly transformed the communicator from its guise as a cigarette case, by a quick twist of the wrist. Then extending the aerial, he waited for Mr. Waverly's suave tones to come winging five thousand miles from New York: "Yes, Mr. Solo? Any success yet?"

The agent snapped the "speak" button and replied: "No, sir. The fact is that we seem to be the victims of a bad joke. That is, everything has been arranged to make me *think* that!"

There was a pause. Then his chief's voice came back coldly: "I don't understand, Mr. Solo. Are you saying that there is no formula?"

"Oh no, sir. There's a Padre Polito Formula all right! But it's a cough medicine or something. They make it in a factory here."

Solo was beginning to enjoy the long pauses produced by his remarks. There was an edge of irritation to Waverly's voice when he spoke again. "Well, have you contacted Vangos Domingo? What does he say?"

"Vangos Domingo died eight years ago—according to his sister," said Solo.

This time there was no pause. "Impossible, Mr. Solo!" rapped Waverly. "Our agent in Rio got the tip-off about the formula from Domingo in person—*two weeks ago!*"

Solo was the one to pause this time. At last he said: "Can you ask our man in Rio where Domingo lives or works?"

"I think I remember him saying something about a club. The Eldorado," said the UNCLE boss.

"Thanks, sir. I'll check it out!" countered Solo.

Act III

He pocketed his communicator and got back into the car. The Eldorado proved to be a rather crummy club in the downtown Madaleine section of San Cristobel. Solo parked the car a couple of blocks away, and walked the darkened streets.

A vicious-looking doorman in a

somewhat filthy uniform barred the agent's way. But a five dollar bill proved to be the only member's card needed.

Solo went inside. Through the haze of tobacco smoke, a blare of pop music assailed him. "Ooobi Doobi Rop! Throw your cares away, Pop!"

On a small stage at the far end of the room, Solo's travel-companion, El Hirsuit, was bellowing into a microphone.

The agent looked warily about him. Then he moved to the bar. The barman was a twin of the brutish doorman. In a crude imitation of



American, he said: "What'll it be, bud?"

Solo tried a direct approach. "Make it a Vangos Domingo," he said.

There was no mistaking the fleeting look of alarm in the man's eyes, as he cast a quick sideways glance to a passageway with curtained windows just behind him.

The barman leaned forward with an ugly scowl, and his big paws were groping for a weapon. "We don't serve no drink like that!" he rasped.

The big paw came into view with a knife grasped in it. Solo was ready. His hand flicked sideways in a chop that caught the thug on the windpipe. He staggered aside gurgling.

The knife clattered over the floor, and Solo leaped over the bar. Through the curtained windows he caught sight of a little man on hands and knees, crawling towards a rear door.

Solo found the way into the passage. He flew after the little man, who heard him coming and ran with a squeal.

The agent caught him in a narrow yard at the back of the club. The little man was in no mood to fight back. He looked rather pitiful with a cast in one eye and half his left ear missing.

"Ah, my friend from the plane!" exclaimed Solo. "The little man from THRUSH, eh?"

The other was having difficulty in breathing. "My frien'!" he croaked. "American frien'!"

Solo heard the yard door open behind him. Instinctively he ducked. The barman's knife hissed close to his face, and sliced a piece off the little man's right ear.

The agent whirled and fired. The barman slid to the ground.

The little man was yelling. Solo silenced him with a tap of the gun-butt. Then he hoisted his prize on his shoulder and ran . . .

Act IV

A nearby archway gave him the cover he needed. He slapped the little man back into consciousness. "Now frien'! You're going to talk—and fast!" gritted Solo, ramming his gun into the other's ribs.

The little man gasped in terror. "Yes . . . yes . . . I'll tell you, Mr. Solo. That business card I gave you is a fake. There is no Thomaso Hudenti Riposto Universale Su Hacienda. We invented a firm with initials that made THRUSH, so that you would believe the whole affair was a bad mistake."

Solo gave the gun another jab. "And Senorita Domingo is a fake too?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . She is the area organiser of the real THRUSH! She thought she could deceive you—make you go back to New York and say it was all a bad joke!"

"And Vangos Domingo—who is he?"

The little man gulped. "He is the owner of the Padre Polito Formula factory. He is a chemist who experiments in his spare time. And he discovered a formula for a truth drug. He was still working on it when he found that THRUSH was after it. So one night he called your UNCLE agent in Rio, asking for protection. He was telephoning from the Eldorado Club—but he never finished the call!" he added meaningly, making a significant chopping motion with his fist.

Solo nodded. "That explains a lot," he thought. Aloud he said. "And where is Domingo now?"

"I found his hiding place after a long search," said the little man, all eager to help now. "If I take you to him, help you to get him away from THRUSH—show you how to vanish from San Cristobel—will you take me back to America? Get me job with UNCLE, maybe?"

In spite of himself, Solo grinned. "That's up to Mr. Waverly," he said. "But I'll put in a word for you—if all goes well. Come on! Let's go and grab Vangos Domingo from under their beaky noses! It's time this bad joke backfired on THRUSH!"



THE MAN FROM



SPY CATCHERS



When Nazi spy Richter parachuted into England, he was nabbed at once—simply because he forgot directions and got lost.



Another spy was captured wearing the disguise of a travelling salesman. Unfortunately, his chute was found close by.



Even worse, his cache contained forged ration and identity cards, £500 in cash, and several pounds of German sausage.



In 1940 a German seaplane landed off the Scottish coast. A rubber dinghy brought 3 spies ashore.



They were arrested in short order at a nearby railroad station, because, on a dry morning, their feet were sopping wet.

THE BIG BANG IN A BOTTLE AFFAIR



Act I

The armoured truck bounced and clattered along the lonely country road, its driver bent on the urgency of his mission. As the approaching bend loomed he slipped the gear lever into neutral, revved the engine and dropped down into third. He swung the wheel and the truck shuddered and vibrated, tyres screaming. Once round the bend the driver increased his speed and dropped the gear lever into top.

"Take it easy," cautioned his passenger. "We're not in *that* much of a hurry."

The driver glowered at the man who sat beside him, but said nothing. The couple were heavily built and tough-looking. The driver kept his foot well down and then eased it back ready to take a left-hander coming up.

He moved to change gear and, as the vehicle was entering the bend, there was a swift movement from behind a large bush by the roadside. From the corner of his eyes the driver saw a figure stretch up, its right arm swinging high and over.

His foot swung from the accelerator to the brake as the missile landed on the road, some ten yards immediately in front of him.

There was a flash and an explosion. The driver heaved on the wheel and the truck careered out of control across the road and struck the rough shoulder alongside.



Almost before the truck came to rest, with its right wheel embedded in a shallow ditch, two athletic men scrambled from behind the bushes.

"You take the driver, Illya. I'll take care of his friend."

The two star agents of UNCLE, the law-enforcement organisation, were about to go into action.

Illya Kuryakin hauled the dazed driver out of his driving cab and, with

a rapid chop to the side of the neck with the edge of his hand, grounded him. He lay still.

The passenger's reactions were quicker. As he saw Napoleon Solo advancing towards him he jumped from the cab and made off into a nearby wood. Napoleon brought him down with a beautiful flying tackle and kept him there with a replica of Illya's devastating chop.



"Round to the back!" Illya was already on his way as he called to Napoleon.

The rear of the van was heavily secured with a strong lock. Illya took some plastic explosive from an inside hidden pocket and packed it neatly round the lock. There was a welcome bang, the lock shattered to the ground and the door swung open.

Napoleon took a gun from his pocket and advanced cautiously, but there was no need. Cowering at the far end of the van was a small, frightened, older man, clutching a bottle tightly to his chest.

Despite his obvious fright he bluffed: "Come any nearer and I'll let you have it."

But his voice wavered, and Napoleon walked calmly towards him.

"That wouldn't be a very sensible

thing to do and you know it," said Napoleon quietly.

He reached out and took the bottle from the man and, with a half smile of sympathy, retraced his steps and rejoined Illya, giving him the bottle.

Though careful and deliberate, the movements of the UNCLE agents were swift, but now Illya hurried things up. "Get moving, Napoleon," he said urgently. "We haven't much time."

They raced down the road, diverted towards the bush behind which they had hidden, and on towards a second road, running almost parallel.

A parked car waited for them and even as Illya opened the passenger door and got inside, and Napoleon settled himself behind the driving wheel, the roar of a second vehicle came clearly to them.

They looked across at the other

road. A second truck, filled with thugs and gunmen, was rounding the bend.

But the UNCLE agents waited to see no more. A couple of bullets whipped into the roadway close to their car as Napoleon put his foot hard down and the black streamlined automobile sprang forward.

"That'll give THRUSH something to think about," commented Illya, with that wry smile of his.

"I guess you could say that was round 1 to us," said Napoleon.

Act II

Fifteen minutes later, the famous agents were back in UNCLE headquarters reporting their success to the organisation's chief, Mr. Waverly.

"Good work, Mr. Solo. Well done, Mr. Kuryakin." Alexander Waverly gave praise in the same calm, controlled way he handled crises, but Napoleon and Illya knew he was pleased.

"And the vital bottle is safe and out of THRUSH hands," said a gratified Mr. Waverly.

Illya handled the bottle with care. "I'm certainly glad to hand it over," he smiled.

At this point an UNCLE girl agent entered the room.

As Alexander Waverly took the bottle from Illya she stepped forward: "Would you like me to look after that, sir?" she volunteered. She looked smart and efficient.

"Very well then," said Mr. Waverly, after a moment's hesitation. "It had better go to security room 5."

The girl took the bottle carefully, turned and left the room.

"That's what I call efficiency," said Napoleon, turning to Mr. Waverly. "You certainly have your headquarters girls well trained, sir," he congratulated.

Illya nodded in agreement with his partner, but his expression revealed a little doubt.

Act III

Some clever detection work by UNCLE had brought the first hint that THRUSH were working on a devastating secret weapon. A full-

scale campaign had been mounted and the vital information had been finally revealed: a skilled and advanced scientist, Professor Weingarten, had been forced to conduct his remarkable experiments under THRUSH surveillance and, in fear of his life, had produced a new kind of spray explosive which had a delayed action. Thus, by secretly spraying whole areas by the crop-spraying technique, THRUSH would be able to devastate UNCLE installations and strongholds. The spray was hardly visible, had no smell and, if sprayed at night by a THRUSH agent piloting a captured UNCLE helicopter, for instance, could quickly menace the superiority of UNCLE.

"It's an extremely serious situation," Mr. Waverly had warned just a few days before.

Then the break which UNCLE had wanted came. Some further

clever intelligence work revealed that the new explosive was being transferred from one THRUSH unit to another by armoured van, the professor in the back with the explosive, two THRUSH agents in the front and a gangload bringing up the rear in a second vehicle.

UNCLE's daring ambush had been planned and Napoleon and Illya assigned to this audacious and dangerous mission.

They'd pulled off a magnificent *coup*. The original plan had been to capture the scientist, but a couple of previous attempts had failed and almost brought about Professor Weingarten's death.

It had been Alexander Waverly himself who had devised the second clever scheme. "If we capture the explosive and have it analysed, THRUSH will know that we have then the power to exert massive

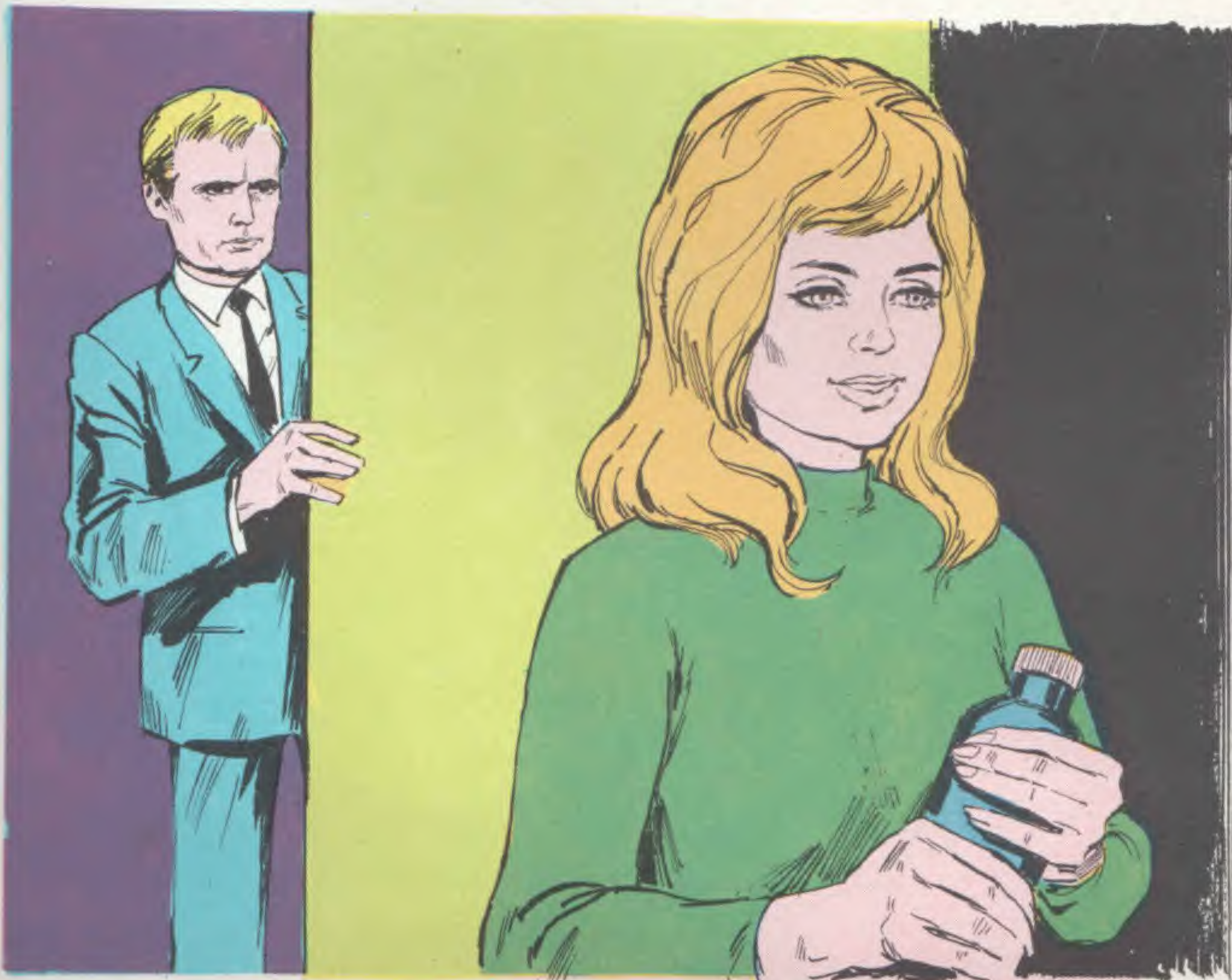
reprisals . . . and fear will prevent them from ever using it. More than likely, too, they will release the Professor, as he will be of no further use to them."

Everything had worked perfectly. The ambush had been planned for a lonely stretch of road and a carefully devised road obstruction had held up the second THRUSH vehicle, giving Napoleon and Illya those vital additional minutes.

Now the new explosive was safely in UNCLE hands.

Or was it? Illya had been slightly suspicious as the UNCLE girl had taken the bottle away. He sensed she had been just a trifle too eager to take charge of it.

Without a word to Mr. Waverly or Napoleon he had followed her at a discreet distance and was soon glad that he had backed his hunch with action.



BLONDIN

was the professional name of a French acrobat, Jean Francois Gravelet, who made history on 30th June 1859, by walking across Niagara Falls on a tightrope. He later repeated the same feat, this time wheeling a woman across in front of him in a barrow!

UNCLE agents normally rest for a short time after a successful mission and Illya hadn't even been missed by the time the call came through clearly in the electronic powerhouse which was UNCLE headquarters.

"Open Channel D, please," came Illya's familiar voice.

The girl on duty called back promptly: "Okay, Mr. Kuryakin, go ahead, please."

"I'm at Phoenix Motel, on the Victoria freeway about twenty-five miles out of town. Get Napoleon to join me here. And tell him to approach cautiously."

The message ended there and, within minutes, Napoleon Solo was speeding along the Victoria freeway, heading for the Phoenix Motel.

Act IV

It was dusk as Napoleon neared the Phoenix Motel. He pulled off the road and parked about a hundred yards from the entrance and walked the rest of the way. As he eased through the shadows of the gardens leading up to the front entrance, Illya called him from the gloom.

"Over here, Napoleon," he hissed, through clenched teeth, trying to keep his voice down but wanting to make himself heard.

Napoleon joined him. "What goes on?" he enquired.

"It's the new explosive. THRUSH have it!"

Napoleon looked surprised, but before the famous UNCLE agents

could take action, a brilliant beam from a powerful floodlight sited at the front of the motel picked them out from the darkness.

A loud voice bellowed through a megaphone: "Stay where you are or we'll blow you sky-high." Then the whole area was floodlit and the UNCLE agents' route of escape into the shadows was gone.

Immediately, six burly figures encircled Illya and Napoleon, and bundled them towards the motel. One of them played it too rough and Napoleon taught him a lesson. He whipped round quickly, sank a good right hand into the pit of the stomach and, as the THRUSH agent bent in two, brought two hands down simultaneously on the back of the neck.

As a second THRUSH agent stepped in to make a reprisal attack on Napoleon, Illya came to the aid of his partner. He intercepted the blow, which was about to crash across Napoleon's head, caught the wrist beautifully and applied pressure. The THRUSH agent yelped with pain.

Then the skirmish was over and Napoleon and Illya were rushed through the motel and into a back room. It was filled with THRUSH members and in the middle was the girl from UNCLE headquarters, still in possession of the vital bottle.

Napoleon was surprised to see her. Illya long since had had his suspicions confirmed.

A spokesman for the gang cleared up the situation beyond all doubt: "You're surprised to see an UNCLE girl in our midst, and why not? You see, she is really a member of THRUSH. We infiltrated her into UNCLE headquarters some time ago, and her presence there was most useful when we realised you had captured the explosive."

The UNCLE agents were in a tough situation. They were outnumbered six to one, guns were trained on them, the THRUSH girl was in possession of the explosive, and Professor Weingarten, though present and opposed to THRUSH, was too frightened to lend any kind of aid.

As THRUSH debated among themselves the immediate future of the UNCLE partners, Napoleon's brain worked overtime trying to





figure out a way to turn the tables. Illya schemed, wondering whether any of his and Napoleon's pre-arranged moves would be sufficiently effective to overthrow twelve tough-looking THRUSH agents.

It was a dilemma solved in a most unexpected way. There was a movement and a scratching sound outside the door of the room and immediately THRUSH went on the alert. Two of their agents closed in on Napoleon and Illya, while another went to investigate the noise. The girl, still carrying the explosive in the bottle, moved back.

All eyes turned to the door as a THRUSH hand encircled the door-knob. With a heave he yanked the door wide open and shot into the open space. *But the corridor outside was empty.*

As the bullet winged into the far

wall a black cat which had been prowling and scurrying round the outside of the door sprang out of the way and darted down the corridor and out of sight.

The black cat had been lucky for Napoleon and Illya. They sensed the attention being diverted from them as the door was about to be flung open and seized their chance. Napoleon spun round, brought the side of his hand down heavily on the wrist of the THRUSH agent alongside, and the gun which had been levelled at him clattered to the floor.

At the same time, Illya moved like a rocket. The girl with the bottle of explosive was no more than three yards away. He rammed his elbow into the stomach of the THRUSH agent behind, who doubled up in great pain. The gun fired, but Illya was already out of range, leaping towards the THRUSH girl. He knocked her off balance and, for one agonising moment, the bottle of explosive was in danger of crashing to the floor.

Then Illya's clutching hands enclosed round the bottle and he regained his own balance. Everything happened within seconds and most of the THRUSH agents were too surprised to intervene, until it was too late.

"Hold it," yelled Illya as a couple of THRUSH agents advanced towards him. He held the bottle menacingly above his head. "One more step and I'll crash this to the ground and we'll all be blown up."

There was silence for a moment or two with the THRUSH agents backing away.

Then their chief called back: "*He's bluffing! It won't explode!*"

He began advancing towards Illya and the situation looked ugly again for the UNCLE agents.

But one of the THRUSH gang wasn't prepared to take his leader's word for it. He withdrew his gun and fired. The THRUSH leader stopped in his tracks as the bullet whipped into his arm and he clutched the injury.

Illya made the most of the psychological advantage. He eyed the undecided group and then: "That's sensible," he said. "Much more

sensible. No point in throwing your lives away, but if you really want to then I'm prepared to go with you." It was a gigantic bluff, but it came off. By this time Napoleon had half the gang covered with his own gun and he and Illya now moved towards the door.

"Over here, Professor," Napoleon called to the scared scientist. The three of them backed towards the door, Illya still threatening with the bottle of explosive.

As they eased back through the doorway, Napoleon pulled it quickly closed behind them and rammed home the key in the lock. He took out a small unit from his pocket and held it close to the lock on the outside. An electronic impulse was applied to the lock making it release-proof. "That should keep them back for some time," he smiled.

Act V

The three men wasted no time in regaining Napoleon's automobile and were soon safely back at UNCLE headquarters.

"But," remarked the Professor hesi-

tatingly, "the bottle wouldn't have exploded even if you had thrown it down. You see, it has a delayed action."

"Sure," explained Illya. "I knew that and Napoleon did too, but there was just a chance that some of the THRUSH gang didn't and were not prepared to back their chief to the extent of throwing away their lives."

"After all, Professor, you had tried

the same bluff on us when you didn't know who we were and came to rescue you from the THRUSH armoured truck. I guess it was worth a try on THRUSH."

Mr. Waverly looked a little disapprovingly. "Very much an outside chance, Mr. Kuryakin, but in the extreme circumstances," he smiled slightly, "I'm sure you did the correct thing."





A CITY ON SPRINGS

BY KEVIN MCGARRY

Cheyenne Mountain . . . pines finger the skyline of this great granite mass—9,565 feet high—which has been hollowed out to house an underground stronghold.

**THE STORY OF
THE MOST
EXTRAORDINARY
FORTRESS CITY
IN THE WORLD**

Inside a mountain in America has been built the strangest city in the world.

It is a city on springs—a secret stronghold designed to survive a nuclear attack. Agents from many lands would dearly love to discover the secrets housed inside this underground city, but security is so tight that they claim even a mouse could not sneeze without triggering off an alarm!

The only weapon you see is the gun in the security guard's belt. Yet, on advice from this extraordinary city, America could unleash a deadly

nuclear knockout blow on any part of the globe.

Guards stand ever-alert at the entrance to the hidden city in the Cheyenne Mountain, overlooking the great plains stretching away from Colorado Springs.

It is a mountain hollowed out to house the North American Air Defence Command's combat operations centre (NORAD).

This is the place where the generals will advise the President by 'hot-line' to push the button in the event of attack on America by H-bomb.



In the medical centre of the underground city all personnel must undergo a regular check-up by the doctor.

Checking radar equipment that scans the whole airspace of America from within the hidden mountain fortress.

The hidden city is ruled by computers and electronic brains. In an emergency, great blast-proof steel doors would close, and the population of nine hundred could stay 'buttoned-up' for a month. Everything they need will be safely tucked inside.

A LOOK INSIDE

The city of four and a half acres was hewn and blasted out of solid granite. Oddly enough, not very long ago Indian braves used to send up smoke signals from the 9,565-foot-high peak on the mountain top.



A technician takes a barograph reading to check the atmospheric humidity in one of the tunnels of the underground city.

The closely guarded entrance leads to a tunnel. At the end of it are two-foot-thick steel blast doors. Each weighs 30 tons, and they are set so that only one is open at a time. Unseen detection devices outside the mountain will detect a blast and automatically close the door within thirty seconds.

Beyond the blast doors lies the strange, windowless city of steel.

Eleven buildings, eight three-storey and three two-storey, make up this strange city inside a mountain.

All the buildings are sitting on more than nine-hundred coil springs, each as big as a beer barrel.

In the event of a nuclear attack, the buildings would bounce up and down as much as a foot high.

The steel-laced walls cut down electromagnetic pulses which would be generated in a nuclear blast. If they penetrated they could wreck the city's electronic nervous system.

The rock walls outside the buildings drip with moisture, and white-coated technicians keep a constant check on instruments fastened to the wall.

The 'sky' above the buildings is the domed cavern roof, a thick helmet of granite reinforced with steel studs.

It is only when you turn your back on the dripping walls and move inside the buildings that things become familiar again.

Work goes on in all the offices, with typists sitting at their desks, and messengers hurrying between offices.



In the medical room, doctors keep a close eye on the health of all personnel. While, in the canteen, men relax over a meal.

The clock on the wall tells the staff whether it is night or day, whether to sleep or eat. It can be sun, snow or moonshine outside, for all they know. Their sun is countless fluorescent strip-lights. Nobody ever opens a window, because there are none.

THE PURPOSE BEHIND IT

After threading your way through a maze of tunnels and corridors, you suddenly find yourself in a large chamber—something like a theatre. This is the nerve-centre of the city, the operations room.

The lights are dim. Top battle commanders sit silently behind consoles. The television screens around them show what is happening outside the mountain hideout.

Voices talk quietly over the intercom system. Code words like Snowman, Lemon Juice, Cocked Pistol are used

... 'Cocked Pistol' means a test; 'Applejack' means that the air defence warning system is being checked...

The combat commander sits at a console which looks like a gigantic TV set with fifty buttons. At the push of a button he can get a picture of the entire North American continent.

If he stabs two more of the buttons, unseen radar antennae thousands of miles away will scan the whole airspace of the continent and track aircraft at fantastic distances.

Little is left of the human brain in this secret defence fortress. If something happened which had been overlooked by the mere humans who man the centre, the robot brain would take over. It would rap out warnings and instructions that might save America, perhaps even the world, from destruction.



POLICEMEN ALL!

Our police force is something we often take for granted—until we need it—and then the familiar figure in blue is a very reassuring figure and a tower of strength in an emergency. How much do *you* know about the police force both here and abroad? Try to answer these questions and you will find out!

1. Which is the oldest branch of the Metropolitan Police?
2. What is the name given in both Britain and the United States to the means of transport taking criminals to or from prison?
3. Which famous police force has the motto 'Maintain the right'?
4. What is a French policeman called?
5. What is the official title of Interpol?
6. British policemen are often called 'bobbies' or 'peelers' after the person who first founded a regular police force. Who was he?
7. Name three types of dog which can be trained to make excellent police dogs.
8. Which police force wears uniforms which are exact replicas of those worn by naval ratings at the time of Nelson?
9. Can you name the police horse which was awarded the Dickin Medal, the animals' V.C., for the part it played in the London blitz?
10. In 1749, Henry Fielding formed a team of law-enforcement officers; by what name were they known?
11. Which animal shares its name with the cars which patrol towns and villages to ensure that no crimes are being committed?
12. Which branch of the Metropolitan Police were known as the 'Redbreasts'?
13. Which policemen wear a white *sulu*, red *cummerbund*, blue shirt, black belt and sandals?
14. On February 23, 1820, the police foiled an attempt to assassinate the entire British Cabinet while they were at dinner. What was this plot called?

ANSWERS

1. THAMES DIVISION—the river police who keep a 24-hour watch protecting the lives and property on and along London's river.
2. BLACK MARIA
3. NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE—THE MOUNTIES.
4. GENDARME.
5. INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL POLICE ORGANISATION.
6. SIR ROBERT PEELE.
7. ALSATION, DOBERMAN, AIRDALE TERRIERS.
8. BARBADOS HARBOUR POLICE.
9. OLGA.
10. BOW STREET RUNNERS.
11. PANDA.
12. MOUNTED BRANCH.
13. THE FIJIAN POLICE FORCE.
14. CATO STREET CONSPIRACY.

The Clock Face Affair



Act I

Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin were relaxing on the last lap of their journey home. They were on a Boeing 707 flight from London to New York after the successful completion of another mission for the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement.

"I wonder if Mr. Waverly has anything lined up for us," mused Illya thoughtfully.

His famous colleague chuckled wryly. "There's never any need to wonder, Illya," he observed. "If there's one certain thing in an uncertain world it's the certainty that the old man will keep us busy."

Over the loudspeaker system the melodious voice of a stewardess intoned: "We shall be touching down at Kennedy Airport in nine minutes

... will you please all fasten your seat belts and put out your cigarettes?"

There was a pause, then she said pleasantly: "Captain Thorsen and his crew hope you have had an enjoyable journey."

"Enjoyable and uneventful," remarked Illya as he picked up his hand baggage.

Solo grinned. "Well, nothing eventful can happen now," he reflected.

But, for once, even the Man from UNCLE was wrong!

The big jet dipped through the cloud ceiling, the runway rushed towards them, there was the small bump as the wheels touched the tarmac and the plane taxied on at decreasing speed.

In another moment it had braked to a stop and passengers were unfastening their belts and standing up ready to leave.

Napoleon and Illya were going along the cabin when a broad-shouldered man edged out of a seat ahead of them and hurried towards the gangway steps.

As they came level with the seat he had vacated, Napoleon paused and stared down. Lying on the seat was a pair of steel claws!

Napoleon reached down and picked them up. On closer inspection they turned out to be a pair of soft black leather gloves—with curved steel fingers, razor-sharp at the tips.

"What the heck . . ." began Illya.

"That big guy ahead of us must've left them here—maybe they dropped from a pocket or something," said Napoleon.

"What would anyone want with a steel claw built into a glove?" breathed his companion.

"We could ask him," answered Napoleon.

They went down the steps. The broad-shouldered man was already inside the terminal building, going through Customs. When the two friends arrived Napoleon got a better look at the close-cropped head and the hard, angular face.

It was not a face calculated to inspire any kind of liking—and Napoleon instantly revised his intention of approaching the big man! He had the half-formulated feeling that there was something odd about the man. Just a hunch—but Solo had had hunches many times in the past and they were seldom wrong!

Illya stepped forward as if to approach the stranger, but Solo shot out a restraining hand. "I've an idea this fellow will bear a little watching—so we'll tail him," he whispered.

A sleek car was waiting for them. They got in and Solo told the UNCLE chauffeur: "The guy with the close-cropped head has just entered a taxi . . . follow it!"

"Okay," said the driver. He meshed his gears and in another moment they were speeding down the Van Wyck Expressway. The traffic was dense, but the expert driver kept the quarry in sight.

Just south of Washington Square the taxi plunged down a maze of side-streets. When it stopped the big man got out, paid off the hackie and

disappeared down narrow steps into a shabby-looking basement.

"Now what?" asked Illya.

"Nothing," replied Napoleon. "I'm just filing that address away in my mind for the time being. Meanwhile, we'll have the lab boys take a long, hard look at that pair of glove-like claws!"

They drove to UNCLE Headquarters. When they reported what had happened, Mr. Alexander Waverly said: "So you find a pair of gloves made like a steel claw. What's the significance?"

"We don't yet know, sir," rejoined Solo. "Maybe nothing—but I figured it was worth while having them examined."

The tweedy head man of UNCLE shrugged. "Maybe," he said, "but right now I've something vastly more important for you both—we have received a coded signal that Caesar X has left Stockholm and is believed to be masterminding a new THRUSH plot right here in New York!"

Solo's keen eyes flickered.

"Caesar X—the THRUSH mobster nobody has ever identified," he said slowly. "That kind of makes

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

designed a Royal Hospital for Chelsea Pensioners, at the request of Charles II, at a cost of £149,470. It accommodated 558 pensioners who were divided up into six companies, just like the army they had left.

hunting him a trifle tough."

Mr. Waverly smiled genially. "Tough assignments are your speciality," he murmured.

"Yeah, but it helps if we have at least some clue—even a faint one, sir."

"There may be one, Solo—Senator Jason Pirbright returned from Stockholm less than a week ago and has been in touch with us. He says he has a file of information about undercover activities there and would like to discuss this with you both at his



apartment on Central Park West precisely at seven this evening."

Illya chuckled. "It's six thirty-seven now," he remarked. "That just about gives us time to get there, unless we get snarled-up in the mid-town traffic."

Solo got his own car from the UNCLE parking lot and started driving. Near City Hall a crowd had gathered, spilling over the sidewalks on to the road.

"This'll make us late," growled Illya.

But Solo wasn't listening. He was staring at the steep façade of the building. A figure was scaling it—a dark figure going hand over hand up the sheer side!

Illya followed his gaze. "The guy must be a steeplejack," he suggested. "Hey—he's making for the clock. Maybe he's going up to clean the face, huh?"

"Maybe," said Solo non-committally.

A gap appeared in the throng and they drove on. When they reached the apartment block on Central Park West, Solo said: "That's funny—there's no light from the Senator's apartment."

They went up to the door. It was a private-entrance apartment in the twenty-seven hundred block. Solo sank a thumb in the bell-push. Nothing. He tried again, keeping his thumb hard down. Nothing happened again.

"He can't have gone out—he was expecting us," breathed Illya.

Solo nodded. He led the way down an entry. A rear window was half-open. Unhesitatingly, they climbed through. Illya found the light switch and snapped it on. They were in the kitchenette. A door faced them. They went into a corridor with two more doors, one on either side.

Illya pushed open the first. Inside the room was empty. Napoleon tried the other—and as they stepped over the threshold they uttered startled exclamations.

The room, furnished as a lounge, was in chaos. Chairs were overturned, smashed ornaments were strewn on the carpet—and the telephone lay on the floor with the flex slashed!

Solo could hear himself breathing



harshly down his nose. "A struggle," he rapped. "All the signs prove it . . . but the Senator isn't here!"

"Kidnapped!" shouted Illya excitedly.

"A shrewd guess, Illya. And I detect the predatory hand of our THRUSH foes . . . Pirbright must've found out something in Stockholm, maybe something even more vital than he realised, and THRUSH are making sure he doesn't tell us!"

"Yeah—but where the heck do we look?" demanded Illya.

"I don't know—yet," said Napoleon grimly. "But the first thing is to get right back to Headquarters."

They made it in record time. When they burst into the sanctum Mr. Waverly was just replacing the telephone receiver. One look at his face was enough to tell the UNCLE agents that something desperate had occurred.

Waverly gasped: "That was THRUSH on the line . . . a gloating

voice which boasted that every delegate to a secret conference of defence chiefs will be killed in an explosion twenty minutes from now. I've told the chairman, but he scoffed at the idea . . . said it must be some hoax . . ."

"Conference—what conference?" rapped Napoleon.

"It didn't concern your assignment, so I didn't mention it, Solo. But the meeting is taking place right this moment in the central committee-room at City Hall . . ."

"What!" yelled Napoleon and Illya in unison.

Waverly was about to reply when the door opened and the laboratory superintendent came in. "Those glove-claws were made by a firm in Stockholm," he said. "I . . ."

Napoleon said urgently: "Mr. Waverly—can you repeat the exact words of the THRUSH message?"

The head man of UNCLE answered: "Yes—it said the blast would



occur in twenty minutes by the City Hall clock . . ."

Solo snapped: "Give me those claw-gloves!"

He picked them up and raced from the building with Illya hard on his heels. They literally jumped into Solo's convertible—and never had the Man from UNCLE driven at such a breakneck speed.

They reached City Hall. Neither spoke. Solo fitted the claw-gloves on his hands and began the ascent.

"Careful, Napoleon!" cried Illya from below.

On and on climbed the intrepid UNCLE hero. Once he almost lost his grip, but instantly recovered himself. Passers-by halted on the sidewalks, gazing spellbound.

Solo did not make the mistake of looking down. Grimly he climbed on. Now he was directly under the clock-face. It seemed like a vast acreage—and the toughest part of his self-chosen exploit loomed.

He glanced directly upwards. The minute hand was jerking. It showed exactly three minutes to the fateful hour!

Napoleon hauled himself bodily on to the giant face. He was able to get a firm toe-hold. Then his clawed hands reached up . . . grasped the moving hand . . . and he swung his whole weight on it!

With precisely one minute to go the Man from UNCLE clung to the great steel hand, dragging it down . . . down . . . down . . .

Then, abruptly, he stopped, the hand was stuck rigid at fifteen minutes to the deadly hour!

He let go. The hand did not jerk again. Slowly, Napoleon crawled diagonally across the clock-face. To the side of it was a balcony. He dropped down on to it, his breath coming in gasps.

Solo moved across the balcony, stepped into a small room. Three minutes later he burst into the conference chamber. Startled eyes swivelled to him.

Swiftly, he explained. Cries of disbelief arose. But Solo went methodically round the room. His acute gaze spotted a loose floorboard. He wrenched it up . . . revealing a deadly time-bomb with a cable threaded backwards under the floor.

Though he was certain the cable connected with the now useless clock-face, Napoleon tore it from the detonating mechanism. Better to be on the safe side . . .

Five minutes later he and Illya were driving south of Washington Square.

Act II

Caesar X looked at his watch. One minute to the blast-off hour!

He shifted his evil gaze to the man shackled against the dank wall of the underground hideout. Senator Pirbright said: "No matter what happens, you'll be caught!"

The THRUSH miscreant cackled derisively. "Forty-two seconds to go, Senator—then my clock-face trick blows the entire defence committee to smithereens!"

He peered down at his watch again, began the countdown.

"Thirty-nine . . . thirty-eight . . . thirty-seven . . ." He chanted the words with triumphant glee.

"It will be a masterstroke for THRUSH," he exulted. "The most vital figures in the U.S. defence organisation wiped out in a single, diabolical explosion . . . heh, heh!"

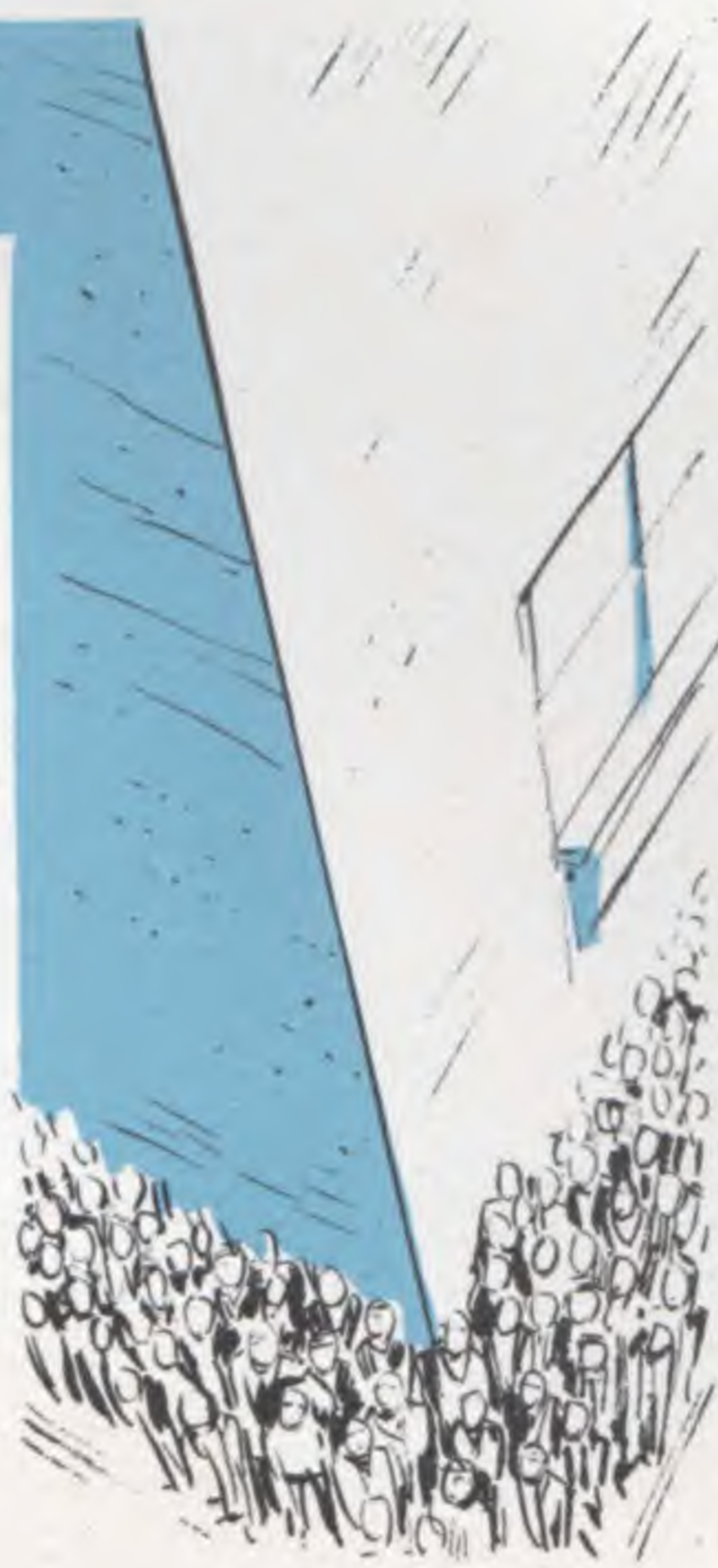
He resumed the countdown. "Twenty-three . . . twenty-two . . . and after the blast then I will haf to wipe you out, Herr Senator . . . for you know too much . . ."

Senator Pirbright wrenched at the manacles, connected to the wall by a chain. It was useless. The THRUSH brigand laughed mockingly.

"Five seconds . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . ZERO!" As the last word erupted from him he swung a periscope round and peered in.

As he did so a ravaged look came on his harsh features. His eyes bulged, his jaw sagged.

"The blast has not happened . . . not gone off . . . City Hall is undamaged . . . it is impossible . . . I set



the mechanism . . . I . . .” Minutes merged into minutes as he paced the floor in baffled fury.

“Maybe you boomed,” scoffed the Senator.

“I never make ze mistake . . .” began Caesar X.

There was the smallest sound. He wheeled right round. Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin burst in.

“You made *one* all right,” rapped Solo. “You left your claw-gloves on the plane!”

Caesar X staggered back, his face a mask of hate—and fear.

“So that when you phoned your bragging message to Waverly I added up the sum—and got the right answer,” finished Solo grimly. “This was the only building with an underground passage from where you could see the City Hall clock through a periscope and where the Senator could be successfully hidden.”

“You’ve got five seconds in which

to surrender,” said Illya.

The THRUSH desperado’s right hand flashed in a lightning move. A long gun jumped into it.

Solo wasn’t even looking. He appeared to be consulting a large pocket watch.

Caesar X’s fingers flexed on the trigger . . . but in the same instant a thin transparent jet sped from the watch! The liquid hit the THRUSH thug full in the face.

A high screech yipped from him, the gun thudded to the stone floor and he reeled this way and that with his hand clawing at his features.

Illya chuckled. “Good job he wasn’t wearing his steel claws,” the UNCLE agent remarked cosily.

Solo rammed a gun in the miscreant’s chest. “Just a temporary whiff of tear-gas,” he grinned. “The minute-hand triggered it . . . thus turning the Clock-Face Affair into the Watch-Face Showdown!”



Did you Know?



UPSIDEDOWN FISH

THE AFRICAN CATFISH HAS A STRANGE HABIT OF TURNING ON ITS BACK AND SWIMMING ABOUT UPSIDEDOWN! A THING OTHER FISH NEVER DO.



HOLE IN ONE-IN A POCKET!

TONY JACKLIN, PLAYING IN THE 1968 DUNLOP MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT, DROPPED A BALL RIGHT INTO THE POCKET OF A SPECTATOR SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE COURSE.



ORANG-UTAN

IS THE MALAYAN NAME FOR THIS APE. IT SIMPLY MEANS "MAN OF THE WOODS."

THE RED INDIANS

OF NORTH AMERICA CAME ORIGINALLY FROM ASIA SOME TEN TO FIFTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO BY WAY OF THE BERING STRAITS.



HEDGEHOGS HAVE ABOUT 16,000 SPINES ON THEIR BACKS AND WHEN ATTACKED, ROLL UP INTO A TIGHT, SPIKY BALL.



SITUATIONS VACANT

Intelligence Agent

Very few spies live a James Bond-style life. The average intelligence agent is a quiet, undistinguished man who would pass unnoticed in a crowd. Often his job is just routine. Sometimes, however, the unexpected crops up and he must know how to deal with it.

Below are some of the unexpected situations which might occur; see how well you could cope in these circumstances. Each correct answer scores six points.

If you score full marks, the Secret Service is waiting for you. Half marks: well, you might bumble your way into an enemy country but you would have a job getting out again. Less than half marks: well, there are other professions!

1. You have to transmit an important message to headquarters but in the middle of your transmission you find you are being jammed by the enemy. Would you:
- (a) Switch to another wavelength and take the chance of being traced to your hideout?
 - (b) Discontinue transmission immediately?

2. Your chief has been acting strangely lately and on one or two occasions has passed up opportunities to obtain vital information. Would you:
- (a) Think nothing of it and dismiss it as just unfortunate?
 - (b) Tell him he seems to be losing his grip and advise him to get a check-up?
 - (c) Ask his second-in-command to investigate him thoroughly?

3. You are about to get married and realise it will be difficult to conceal your work as a spy from your wife. Would you:
- (a) Tell her what you do and ask her to keep quiet?
 - (b) Mutter something about having to go abroad occasionally on business trips?
 - (c) Tell her nothing about your work. But be sure to bring back an expensive present as a peace-offering after each mission?

4. You have definite proof that a fellow agent, your best friend, is working for the other side as well. Would you:
- (a) For friendship's sake, tell him that he has been discovered and advise him to leave the country?
 - (b) Say nothing but make sure he gets only the routine jobs?
 - (c) Report him immediately?

5. Spies in training have to show their ingenuity. A typical method is the electric-fence experiment, where the agent has to get over the fence without, of course, touching the live wires. You are provided with a long length of rope and four poles. Would you:
- (a) Pole vault over the fence?
 - (b) Tie the poles together to make one thick one, lean it against the fence and shin up it, dropping over the other side?
 - (c) Use the poles and rope to make ladders and straddle the fence with them?

6. A parachute drop of espionage material is to be made at night to a group of agents in a foreign country. You are in charge of the operation and have been instructed to watch for the signal of three torch flashes. But over the dropping zone you see only two torch flashes. Would you:
- (a) Abandon the whole mission and return home immediately?
 - (b) Circle the area in the hope that the correct signal will be given?
 - (c) Drop the material anyway?

ANSWERS

1. (a) Friendship does not enter into the life of a spy. If you have proof then report him.
5. (c) Easily the best method is to construct ladders by using short lengths of the rope to make 'steps' between two poles. Once on top of the first ladder, you just have to drop the second one on the other side and climb down.
6. (a) The appropriate signal was arranged and if it is not given then the enemy must have got wind of the drop.

1. (a) This would really depend on the urgency of the message. It would have to be something extremely vital for you to risk your life.
2. (c) Even the most efficient Secret Service sometimes has traitors in high positions, and it would not do any harm to have his actions watched.
3. (c) It may be hard on your wife, but at least she can look forward to the presents.

THE WHO FLIES WHERE FOR WHAT AFFAIR?



Act I

There was nothing very distinctive about Professor Josef Konitz. He wore a neat, black overcoat and commonplace rimmed spectacles; he was of average height and build. In the early morning light, at Rome airport, the German-born Professor walked from the airport building to the waiting jet almost unnoticed.

But not quite. For three waiting men, the Professor was red-hot cargo. As he took his seat towards the front of the aircraft, three pairs of eyes watched him carefully. Two of the men exchanged almost imperceptible

nods, then took their seats. One sat a couple of seats to the rear of Professor Konitz, the other way back on the opposite side of the gangway. UNCLE agents Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin had taken up their positions, according to their instructions. The third man, burly, with black, short-cropped hair, sat immediately opposite the Professor.

The giant jet taxied smoothly along the runway and within seconds was airborne, climbing steeply. Flight number X574 was on its way, bound for London. It was warm and com-

fortable inside the jet. Passengers read magazines, eased back in their seats, dozed and relaxed. Professor Konitz, in contrast, was tense and alert. For more than an hour there was nothing to isolate this from a hundred other Rome to London flights.

Then it began to happen. Stewardess Jayne Carr, a dark and attractive American girl, had been making her routine check on the comfort of passengers, and was almost done. She smiled, as the passenger in one of the rear seats assured her he was fine,

then she stepped back and turned towards the front of the aircraft. Her gaze found the man with the short-cropped hair. As he turned slightly, she nodded. Cautiously, he extracted a miniature dart-gun from an inside jacket pocket, swung round and aimed it at the Professor. The knock-out dart could hardly fail to miss at such range, and Professor Konitz slumped forward.

Napoleon Solo moved only a fraction later, but those few seconds advantage gave the gunman the time he needed. As Napoleon leaped from his seat, the man swung the gun round. "Don't move, Solo," he ordered. "Or you get one, too."

At the back of the aircraft, Illya Kuryakin checked his move. Any action on his part now, he realised just in time, would be useless. But in a few seconds. . . .

He waited, then slowly, and from low-down by his waist, he eased his hand-sized gun from his pocket. The move was expertly executed, hardly noticeable, but if he thought he was about to gain the initiative for

UNCLE, he was wrong. He'd scarcely moved, when the pleasant, firm voice ordered: "I guess I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr. Kuryakin."

Illya turned to see the attractive Jayne Carr, the aircraft's American stewardess, smiling at him. But the smile was deceptive. The pistol, levelled at the Man from UNCLE, was menacing enough held at arm's length.

As the man with the close-cropped hair moved upwards in the 'plane, Jayne Carr ordered clearly: "Don't move—anyone. No one will get hurt if you all keep still."

The passengers, shocked and dazed by the swift turn of events, sat stupefied in their seats, as the man with the close-cropped hair moved forward, and into the pilot's cabin. Levelling a gun at the co-pilot, he ordered the pilot to switch course or else. . . .

And so, within the next ten minutes, Rome airport had lost all contact with the airliner, and Flight X574, which had started out as just another routine trip, had developed into a major mystery.

Act II

Professor Konitz was valuable to UNCLE, the international law-enforcement organisation. He had successfully developed an instant and powerful anti-truth drug serum which, with a little more precise development, could be made into capsule form, suitable for all UNCLE agents to carry. But to complete his work, the Professor had to travel to London. As Alexander Waverly had said at the time: "THRUSH will see this as a good opportunity to hijack the Professor. That's why he must be protected, and that's why you, Mr. Solo, and you, Mr. Kuryakin, are assigned to accompany him."

Napoleon and Illya, trained to cope with danger and intrigue, relished the idea, and quietly and efficiently made their plans. They'd been waiting for THRUSH to make a move, and now were disgusted with themselves that the move, when it did come, had caught them so un-awares. For the moment, they were helpless, as Jayne Carr's gun faced





them. Nonetheless, as the jet was diverted off its normal course, Napoleon took a chance. He dived headlong from his seat, to gain protection behind the high backrest, but, almost before he had moved Jayne Carr swung the barrel round and a bullet shattered the wooden framework close to Napoleon's head.

The Man from UNCLE knew when to concede temporary defeat. With a wry smile, he stood up, held up his hands in a demonstration of surrender, and his eyes met Jayne's: "Okay, sweetie," he said. "I know who's in charge."

The giant jet was losing height, and below, there stretched a ribbon of concrete. As the 'plane swung round and closed in to land, the passenger-prisoners could see the outline of a disused factory. Then the wheels touched down, and within seconds, the mighty 'plane was still.

THRUSH's scheme had been well conceived. The aircraft factory, near which the 'plane now stood, hadn't been used for some time. It was situated in a remote part of France, and while the buildings were falling gradually into a state of decay, the runway was still perfectly serviceable, and the pilot had experienced no trouble in landing.

Once the 'plane had stopped and the engines were silent, two THRUSH thugs, waiting on the ground, wheeled steps up to the fuselage door. The man with the close-cropped hair ordered the crew to leave, threatening them with instant extinction, should they make any false move. Then Jayne Carr took over inside the jet.

"Okay, Professor. Okay, Solo and Kuryakin—out! If you try to be smart, you'll regret it. Do as I say, and you'll be okay. The rest of you, stay here."

The Professor, recovering from his knock-out drug, was still shaky, but he lunged out of his seat, helped by Napoleon and Illya. They eased their way down the steps and on to the tarmac. Jayne Carr followed.

The two small groups waited. Then there came the sound and sight of two large, black cars. The prisoners were ushered in, and the cars sped away. The THRUSH agents who had wheeled out the steps to the 'plane, stayed behind to become sentries over the passengers remaining in the 'plane, and over the crew, who had been left behind.

Act III

The cars screeched to a halt beside what had once been a large, single-storey office. The cars emptied, and

the prisoners were hustled inside. Napoleon and Illya could just see the dim outline of a man seated at the table; a powerful lamp placed in front of him hid his features from the UNCLE agents.

"Bring Konitz here," the man then ordered. The man with the close-cropped hair prodded the white-faced Professor. He stumbled forward.

"Where is it?" the man behind the desk thundered.

The Professor made no comment, but dropped his gaze, intimidated by the powerful personality of the THRUSH agent.

Napoleon III once escaped from the fortress of Ham, where he was being held prisoner, by pretending to be one of the workmen who had come to repair the prison.

Impatiently, the man shouted: "Where is it? Tell me, or you'll be dead within thirty minutes!"

Professor Konitz, unaccustomed to violence of any kind, was scared out of his wits, and his eyes swept from Napoleon to Illya for guidance as to what he should do. But one of the THRUSH agents acted first. From behind, he swung a savage blow at the Professor who, as he sagged, raised both hands, but they never reached their target.

Incensed by the viciousness of the blow, both Illya and Napoleon sprang to the attack. The THRUSH ranks were sadly depleted, as Illya doubled up the Professor's attacker with a well-timed left to the stomach, and followed it up with a beautiful right cross to the point of the jaw. At the same time, Napoleon tackled one of the other THRUSH agents, but without Illya's success. The man was quick to sense UNCLE's offensive. He side-stepped Napoleon, then crumpled him with a brutal kick to the stomach.

Illya was seething with rage, but his expert training kept his mind in control. As the man behind the desk raised a pistol at the Professor, Illya took control. "The Professor doesn't know where it is, but I do. I'll tell you."

The man looked closely at Illya. "Well?"

"It's in the heel of his right shoe."

The man nodded to two of his gang, and they immediately took hold of the Professor and ripped his right shoe from his foot. Part of the heel pivoted, and from the cavity inside, a piece of microfilm was extracted.

The THRUSH agents were jubilant. "It's the secret of the Professor's invention," they yelled.

"Hold it, you boneheads," retorted the man behind the desk. "This is one of UNCLE's top agents, Illya Kuryakin. You don't think he'd surrender as easily as that, do you?"

There was a moment's silence as the man thought. Then he instructed his men: "Check Kuryakin's shoes!"

They man-handled Illya, as they ripped his shoes from him and searched the heels. Sure enough, they discovered another piece of microfilm hidden away.

Illya smiled. "Okay, big boy, you say which is the right film and which is phoney." THRUSH's top man behind the desk remained calm, though angry. He pointed to Napoleon, who was just coming round from his crack on the head. "Check his shoes out." Another piece of film was found.

"What now?" enquired Illya.

"How about a game of cards," said Napoleon sarcastically, rubbing his head.

For the moment, UNCLE had THRUSH guessing. The criminal organisation desperately wanted the microfilm and the secrets which it held of Professor Konitz's invention, the result of years of painstaking research. The Professor himself was far less valuable to them, for, even if they got him to co-operate, it would be a long time before he completed the laborious business of writing out his formulae.

But THRUSH wasn't beaten yet. The top man's brain worked swiftly. "Right—this is the plan," he ordered. "You, Jayne—bring the Professor and come with me. We'll take all the microfilm with us and check it out back at base. We'll also try to persuade the Professor to tell us which is the genuine film." He smiled evilly, and the Professor was left in no doubt as to what he meant.

He continued: "On the other hand, the Professor may not genuinely know which is the right film. I'd guess that UNCLE have made expert copies, in which case, either Solo or Kuryakin will know. And you will tell me, gentlemen, won't you? Because if you don't within the next half hour, we shall have started working on the Professor. When you're ready, just tell one of my men, and they will bring the news to me. But don't leave it too late. It's a ten-minute drive to base. If you don't allow for it, you might find our treatment of the Professor a little too far advanced."

The Professor, prodded in the back by the gun which Jayne Carr brandished, was bundled into the waiting



car. The top man ordered Jayne to drive, and he got in alongside her. The engine roared, the automobile lunged into rapid acceleration, and was out of sight within seconds.

As the minutes ticked by, the two UNCLE agents knew that they had to make their move soon. THRUSH would have no hesitation in carrying out their threats, and the Professor's life was very much in danger.

Illya and Napoleon exchanged knowing glances, and then Napoleon started to whistle. As he reached a certain note, the two sprang into action. The speed of the UNCLE move caught the THRUSH guards unawares. Napoleon dived headlong, enclosed his arms tightly round a pair of ankles, and the force of the move sent the gun skidding out of the THRUSH agent's hand, as he crashed heavily to the floor. Napoleon was on to him in an instant. He crashed home a pile-driving right hand, before the THRUSH agent got his feet on Napoleon's chest and flung the Man from UNCLE across the room. Too eager to ram home his advantage, the THRUSH agent rushed forward. Napoleon timed the move perfectly, and stepped to the side at that exact moment. The THRUSH agent thundered into the wall and gasped, as the air was sucked out of his body.

Illya, meanwhile, was battling successfully with two other agents. As the first thug lurched at him, he dodged nimbly to the side, then carefully timed a side-hand blow to the back of the neck. The heavy body remained still on the floor. Illya turned, to see a second thug advancing with an iron bar raised menacingly. The Man from UNCLE dodged round the edge of a high wooden table. As the iron bar came down with tremendous force, Illya heaved on the table, hoisting it on its side. The bar smote the rim of the table, and the wood shattered.

Illya seized his opportunity, darted round the table, and sank a punishing blow to the small of the back. The thug winced, and as he turned, Illya rocked him back with a left hook to the jaw.

"Not bad for a novice," came the quiet voice from behind, and Illya



turned to see the smiling face of Napoleon, who was smoothing his hair and straightening his tie. The floor was littered with THRUSH agents, groaning, moaning, or out cold.

"Come on, Napoleon," urged Illya. "Let's go and get the Professor."

Act IV

They raced out of the office, stopped in their tracks, then raced back for

cover. The car in which the main THRUSH agent and Jayne Carr had gone off was screeching to a halt outside.

Crouched low on either side of the office door, Illya and Napoleon waited. The door opened gradually, and they pounced. Too late they saw the shapely form of Jayne Carr. The three of them collapsed on the floor. Jayne was up first and, with a smile and low whoop of delight, planted a firm right foot on Napoleon's chest, while holding Illya at bay with her automatic.

"Now, boys, I guess we've had enough fighting for one day." The Professor had now joined them from the car, and his pale face was happy and smiling. "She is delightful," he said, in clipped English. "She is with us, and not with THRUSH at all."

"She is . . .," queried Napoleon, squinting round the shoe which remained firmly on his chest.

"She *isn't* . . .," queried Illya.

Jayne laughed. "Let me explain," she said. "I was never a member of THRUSH. I'm from UNCLE, but Mr. Waverly thought it best if my identity be kept secret . . . even from his top agents. This was an important assignment and I came along for one reason only: to capture the top man of THRUSH . . . the man behind the table."

"And how did you get on?" enquired Illya.

"Okay," responded Jayne. "He's in the car. My new brand of perfume, a knock-out inhalant, did the trick." She smiled.

There was a cough at floor level. "Er . . . do . . . you . . . mind . . ."

Jayne looked down. "Oh, Mr. Solo! I *am* sorry," she said, lifting her foot from Napoleon's chest.

"That's all right," said Napoleon

ruefully, dusting down his suit and smoothing back his hair once more.

It was a good haul for UNCLE. They had captured one of THRUSH's top agents, ruined the plan to steal the all-important microfilm, and it didn't take the UNCLE pair long to overpower the waiting THRUSH agents guarding the aircraft.

Soon the powerful jet was airborne once more, and reporting to base the extraordinary incidents which had taken place. Once back on the normal route, Napoleon took out his personal communicator: "Open channel D, please."

"Yes, Mr. Solo. What is it?" It was Mr. Waverly's voice back at UNCLE headquarters. Napoleon reported in outline what had happened.

"And Miss Carr. Is she all right?"

"Yes, sir. Perfectly all right."

"Incidentally," asked Illya, half an hour later. "Which *was* the genuine microfilm?"

"To tell you the truth, I honestly

don't know, Illya." Napoleon was somewhat abashed at the admission.

"Professor . . .?"

Professor Konitz shook his head.

Jayne Carr cut in. "Excuse me, boys," she said. "Maybe I can help." She manipulated the small heel of her right shoe. "Here it is," she smiled. Napoleon and Illya looked doubtful. "I think you'll find that Mr. Waverly would confirm," said Jayne with obvious relish.

The Men from UNCLE looked at each other. "*Women* . . .," they chorused.



the

ANIMAL AGENTS AFFAIR

THE MAN FROM



ACT I - THE SEEING EYE SPY

A NIGHTMARE OF ANIMAL INGENUITY PLAGUES NAPOLEON SOLO AND ILLYA KURYAKIN AS **UNCLE** BATTLES TO PROTECT THE FREE WORLD FROM A HORDE OF CREATURE SPIES - FOR THE BRAIN BEHIND THE INCREDIBLE **ANIMAL AGENTS** HAD TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION TO ASSURE THEY WOULD SOON MAKE **THRUSH** THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE ON EARTH!...

AN-ANOTHER ONE OF VON BEESTE'S SUPER-DIRECTED ANIMALS, ILLYA! IT MU-MUST BE AFTER THE **BOMB-BULLET PLANS!**

WHOMP!

WAP!







SCHWEINHUND! AS A CHILD IN DER GREAT NAZI ARMY I COULD HAFF BROKEN YOU LIKE A TWIG! YOU DARE CALL VON BEESTE AN **ANIMAL TRAINER!**

KI-KILL HIM!!



NO, NO, COMMANDER! IT IS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING! H-HE HAS TOP CLEARANCE FROM CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS! HE CONTROLS A REMARKABLE INVENTION... ONE THRUSH MUST HAVE!

THEN LET HIM EXPLAIN IT-- FAST!



I WILL SPEAK CLEARLY AND POINTEDLY! AFTER TWENTY YEARS I HAFF DEVELOPED A MEANS TO CONTROL DER MINDS OF ANIMALS! WITH THIS BOX, I CAN ENTER THEIR VERY BRAINS!

SO...



...AND JUST HOW CAN THAT BENEFIT THRUSH?

I CAN GIVE YOU A LEGION OF INNOCENT-APPEARING ANIMAL SPIES WHO CAN ENTER ANY AREA ON EARTH! A MASTER ESPIONAGE RING!!



BUT I CAN SEE YOU ARE DER DULL-WITTED ONE! TO-MORROW NIGHT--A DEMONSTRATION! I WILL HAFF FRITZ ENTER DER ZEUKRAN-
IAN CONSULATE AND MICRO-FILM ITS MOST IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS!

MAD--OR GENIUS?



QUICKLY, FRITZ FOLLOWS VON BEESTE'S INGENUOUS DIRECTIONS
...A POWDER CHARGE IS INJECTED IN THE SAFE... DETONATED...
AND A MINI-CAMERA SHOOTS PICTURES...



AT THRUSH, WILD EXCITEMENT REIGNS...

WONDERFUL! YOU
ARE INDEED PURE
GENIUS, VON BEESTE!
WE CAN DO BUSINESS!

ACH! DO NOT
TOUCH ME, DOLT!



MY PRICE WILL BE HIGH! BEFORE WE
COME TO TERMS, NIKI HERE WILL DEMON-
STRATE THE FULL WONDER OF MY ANIMAL
AGENTS!



THIS IS THE NEW NATO MISSILE SITE BEING CONSTRUCTED
ACROSS THE BORDER! TOMORROW MORNING NIKI WILL
SUPPLY YOU WITH FULL DETAILS OF THE OPERATION!





SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A MILITARY JET TAKES OFF FROM A PRIVATE TEXAS AIRFIELD...

IT HAS BEEN NICE HAVING YOU VISIT ME, NAPOLEON... ILLYA-- BUT THERE WAS REALLY NO NEED FOR SUCH EXTREME PRECAUTIONS...



...HEH, HEH! ONLY TOP GOVERNMENT PEOPLE KNOW OF MY NEW BOMB BULLET! AH, IT IS GOOD TO TAKE THESE ACCURSED SECURITY HANDCUFFS OFF!

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION CAN BE WORTH A TON OF CURE IN THIS WORK, PROFESSOR DUNSTED!



THAT IS CORRECT, SIR! EVEN THE AIR HAS EARS IN ESPIONAGE WORK!

OH, YOU YOUNG AGENTS OF TODAY ARE SO SERIOUS FOR YOUR YEARS! YOU SHOULD BE OUT HAVING FUN... NOT MOTHERING AN OLD MAN LIKE ME! HEH, HEH...



HOURS LATER, A FIGURE OBSERVES FROM A SILO TWENTY MILES FROM WASHINGTON...

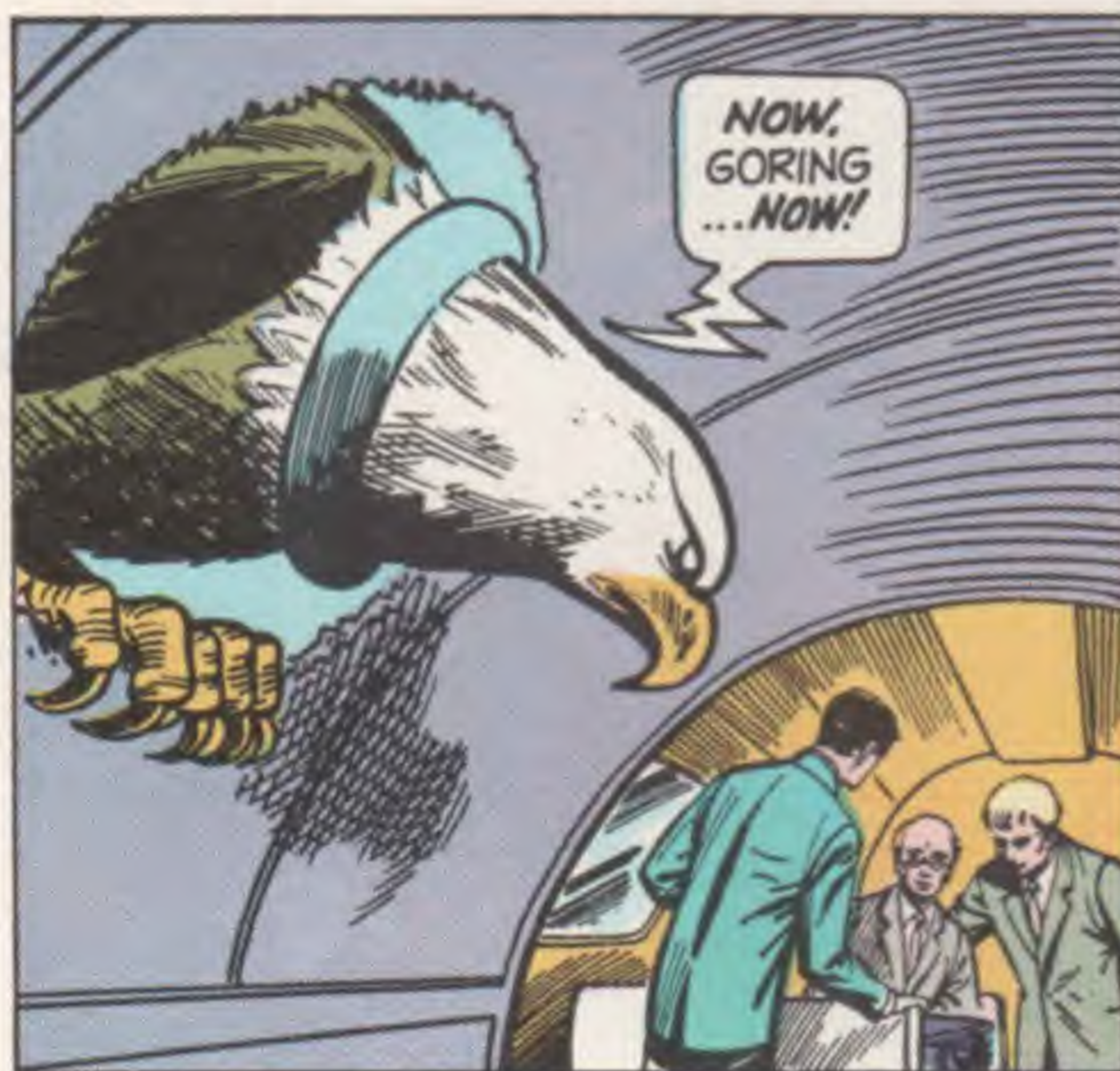
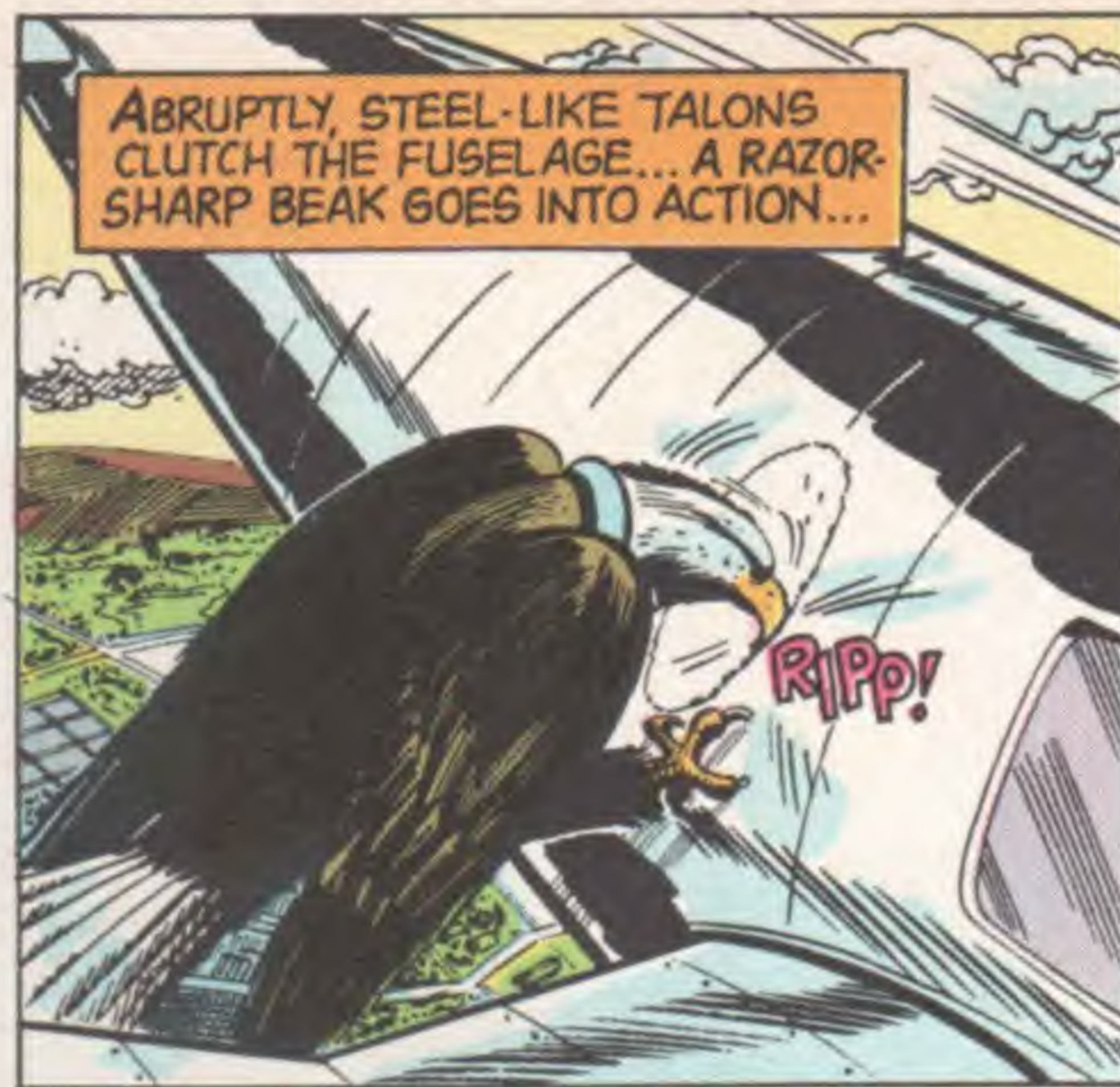
RADAR SHOWS TARGET CRAFT HEADING TOWARD YOU... COMING DUE EAST! IT IS CUTTING SPEED FOR LANDING!

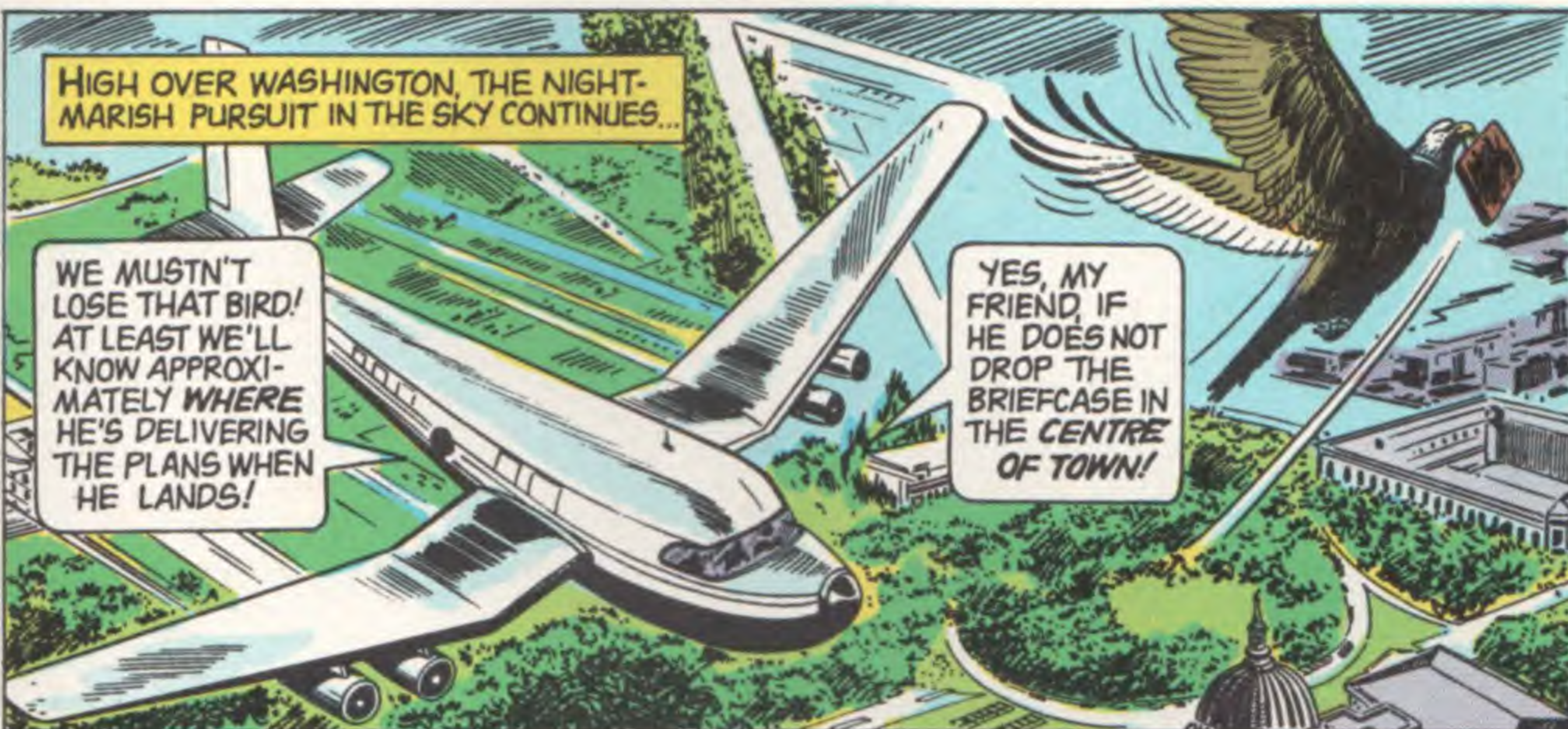
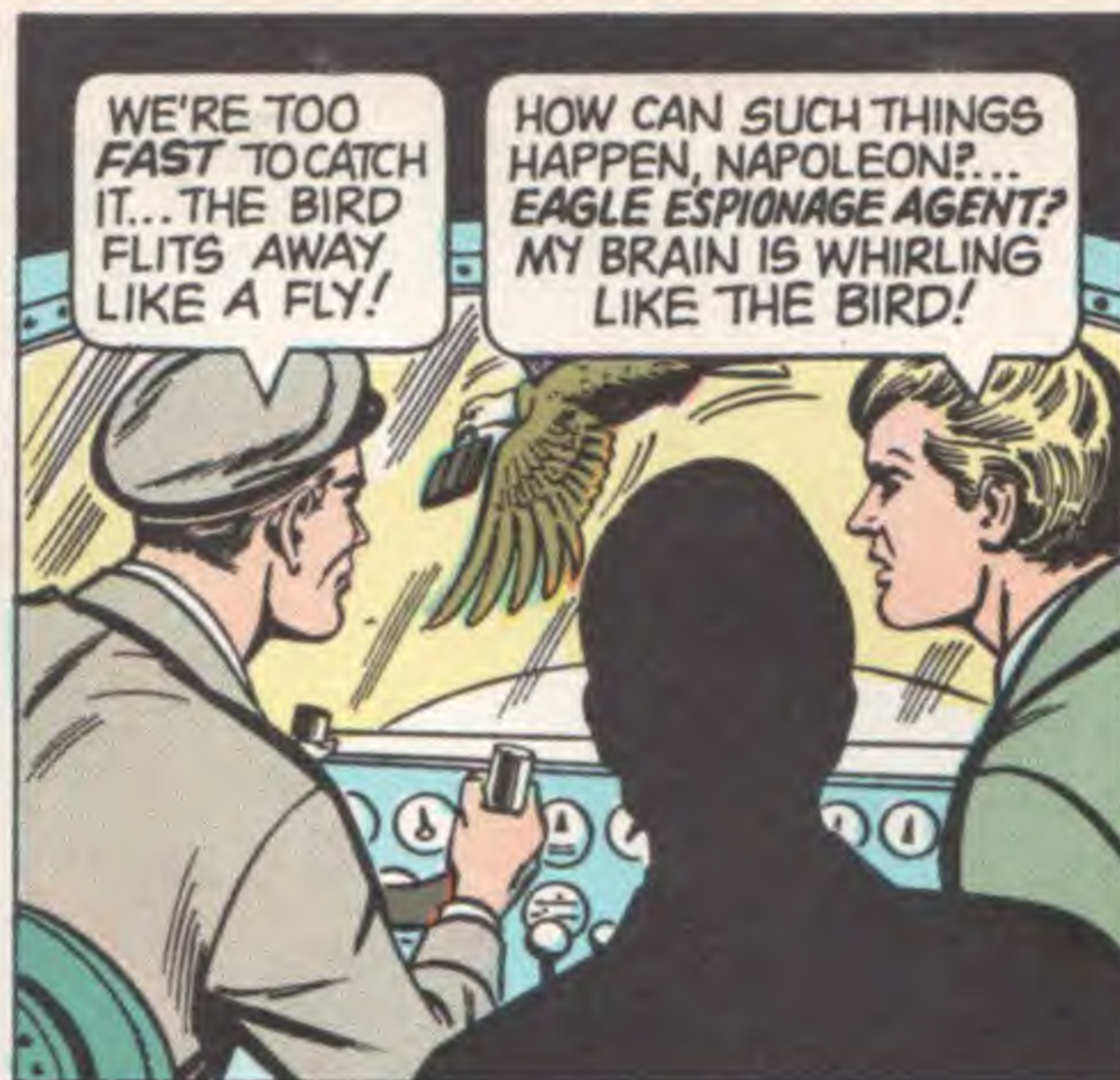
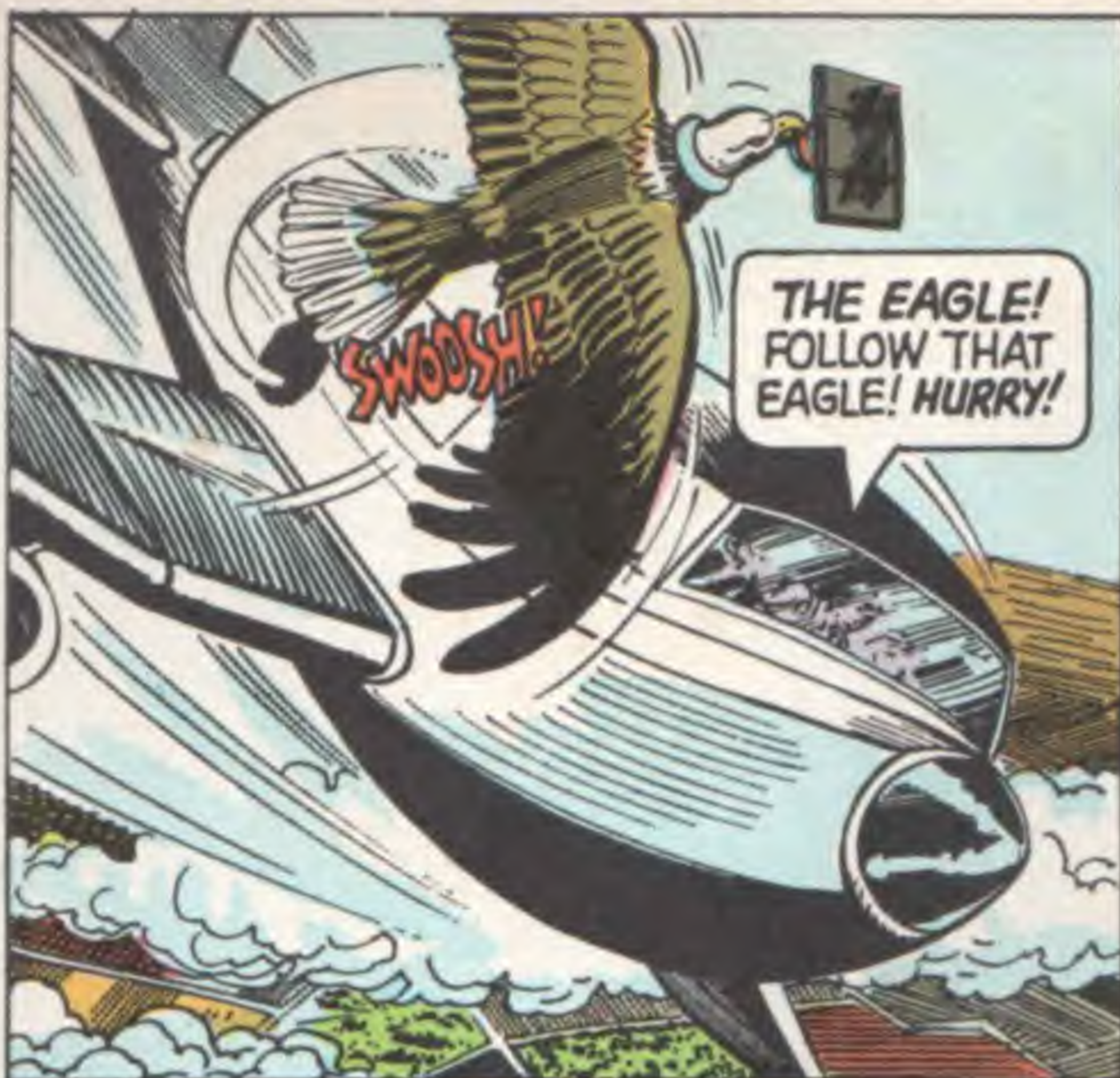
JA! IT IS TIME! FLY, GORING!



A FEATHERED BALL OF HATE SOARS INTO THE SKY...







THE OPERATION WAVERLY AFFAIR



Act I

The drugstore was less than three hundred yards from UNCLE's international headquarters, and convenient for Alexander Waverly, the law-enforcement organisation's clever boss, who was not in the habit of spending long on his lunch.

The short walk to the corner drugstore did him good. The walk back, after hamburgers and milk, settled his digestion and cleared his mind for the afternoon's work. It was a routine he went through most days around mid-day and, for the half-hour break, he had schooled himself to put aside the problems of running UNCLE and allow his mind to relax.

It was a Tuesday in May. The sun was shining brightly, people jostled with one another on the sidewalk. The hamburgers and milk had been good and Alexander Waverly was on his way back to headquarters. It seemed an average day until . . .

Mr. Waverly got the sensation that everything was not altogether right; but by then it was too late.

THRUSH's timing was superb. First there was the young girl, blonde and attractive. She crashed into Mr. Waverly, going in the opposite direction.

The UNCLE boss raised his hat and had started to voice his apology

when the miniature aerosol scent vaporised in his face and he saw the girl's face twist into a triumphal smile as the knock-out vapour took control of his senses and he felt his knees sag.

Then the white ambulance rounded the corner and drew up to the kerb edge.

As Alexander Waverly crumpled in a heap and the girl assailant explained to passers-by that he must be ill, two burly THRUSH agents—disguised as ambulance men—leapt from the vehicle and man-handled the UNCLE boss into the back of the ambulance.

It all happened within less than thirty seconds and resulted in one of the most daring, well-planned and perfectly timed moves ever made by THRUSH.

Most important of all, as the ambulance increased speed and disappeared from view into the thick, mid-day city traffic, they had captured their greatest prize ever . . . the supreme boss of UNCLE, Alexander Waverly.

UNCLE headquarters went on major alert the second it was realised that Mr. Waverly had been abducted.

"What happened to the bodyguards assigned to the route," enquired Illya Kuryakin, one of UNCLE's top two agents.

"We don't know for certain," explained Napoleon Solo, Illya's buddy on a great many major UNCLE assignments, and recognised throughout both UNCLE and THRUSH as equal to Illya in skill, craft and resourcefulness. "But I guess they replaced our own men with THRUSH agents so that the field was clear for the snatch."

"What's the next move?" Illya put the major question to Napoleon.

"I guess the drugstore is as good as anywhere to begin," answered Napoleon.

Act II

Chuck Martineli had owned the drugstore for about four years and he gave a good service to his clients. He knew Napoleon well as a regular customer and greeted him cheerily.

"Hiya," he called from the back of the counter.

Napoleon eyed him carefully. The smile was there, the call was prompt, but Napoleon noted a lack of genuine relish in the welcome. Chuck had something on his mind.

"How's it going, Chuck?"

"Fine, Mr. Solo. Just fine."

Napoleon sipped a cup of coffee the proprietor had put before him. Then he pressed his enquiry: "I'm looking for Mr. Waverly, Chuck. Have you seen him?"

"He came in at lunchtime, Mr. Solo, and then went out again as usual. Is anything wrong . . .?"

"There could be, Chuck. There

just could be. Did he mention if he was going anywhere?"

Chuck Martineli thought for a moment. He looked slightly worried. "No . . ." he began, but the voice trailed away as he gave a half-glance over his shoulder. Then he corrected. "Wait a moment, Mr. Solo. Come to think of it, he did say something about going to the other side of town . . . an empty house on East 56th street. I remember thinking it sounded a bit mysterious."

Napoleon finished his coffee. "I think I'll take a look," he called to Chuck, as he threw a coin on to the counter and walked out into the street.

Chuck Martineli watched him go, but there was a worried frown on his face.

As he went through into the back service room, the heavily built man with the automatic lowered the gun, pushed his hat back on his head and gave a wry smile: "Very wise, Mr. Martineli . . . very wise," he said.

Act III

Napoleon Solo was more worried than he cared to admit for the safety of Mr. Waverly, but the hint picked up from Chuck Martineli gave a ray of hope. There might be nothing in



JONAS HANWAY

was the first man to carry an umbrella through the streets of London, and he was pelted with rubbish by the hansom cab drivers who saw their trade disappearing if his idea became popular!

it, but it was worth following up.

He took his personal communicator from his breast pocket: "Open Channel D, please."

"Yes, Mr. Solo," came back the feminine voice, and Napoleon pictured in his mind the attractive blonde back at UNCLE headquarters answering his call.

"I'm on my way to an empty house on East 56th street, following a clue. Report that to Mr. Kuryakin, will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Solo."

Napoleon replaced his personal communicator and advanced down the roadway, keeping close to a nearby wall. It was dusk now, but he could just make out an empty house towards the bottom end of the road. As he got nearer, he skirted round the house and advanced from the rear.

It was a poor district of the town and the house was old and somewhat dilapidated. At the back was an overgrown garden kept in check by an old wall. Napoleon eyed the wall closely, and looked up and down the alleyway which ran across the back. The area was deserted. He looked up at the wall, bent his knees and sprang upwards, neatly and with great agility. Napoleon's hands enclosed over the top of the wall . . . but for the Man from UNCLE a great shock was in store.

As his hands grasped the masonry, he realised too late that the top of the wall had been bugged with an anti-scale device. The electronic impulse pierced into his hands and sped through his body. He felt on fire, but

within a second or two the sensation was gone. He blacked out and his limp body slumped from the wall and collapsed to the ground.

Within moments two burly THRUSH henchmen were manhandling the limp Napoleon, as one turned to the other and said: "He couldn't have done it neater if we'd dragged him here with a magnet."

An ugly situation seemed to be developing for UNCLE. With Mr. Waverly and Napoleon in the hands of THRUSH everything looked black.

Act IV

But, with the odds piling up against him, Illya Kuryakin became even more determined.

Cleverly, Illya had tailed Napoleon to the drugstore and from a safe distance had watched his conversation with Chuck Martineli.

Again at a safe distance, he'd followed Napoleon to the other side of town and had witnessed the trap that had been set for him. He realised that Chuck Martineli must have been compelled to co-operate with THRUSH, but vowed all the same, with that quiet humour which is never far away from Illya: "I'll never drink another cup of coffee in his drugstore."

The primary objective for Illya now was to gain entrance to the house. Once inside, he could see what was happening and effect the escape of Mr. Waverly and Napoleon. With that matter-of-factness that comes with the extreme training of UNCLE agents, Illya never considered his daring exploit in terms any more emotional than that. It was simply a job to be done and he worked out his scheme in great detail.

He'd had that odd feeling somehow that Napoleon was walking into a trap and he had worked his brain ceaselessly, while following his friend, trying to decide on a plan of attack when the time came.

But now he abandoned the plan as he saw an opportunity to strike quickly and to gain by a surprise move. He watched closely from a concealed position in the shadows of the alleyway as Napoleon was carried

away by the two THRUSH agents.

He sprang like a tiger at the exact moment. The palm-sized impregnated pad was forced into the face of one of the THRUSH agents and, although he struggled fiercely for a couple of seconds, Illya held on strongly and the thug slumped to the ground.

By this time, the second THRUSH agent had recovered from the shock of Illya's attack and was about to raise the alarm. The whistle was poised on its way to his lips when Illya struck again. As he leaped through the air and executed one of the finest ever flying tackles, the whistle flew loose and rattled to the ground. The THRUSH agent grunted, the breath pumped out of him, as he landed heavily with Illya on top.

The agile Man from UNCLE was in a good position and a sharp chop to the side of the neck put his opponent down, and he stayed down. Illya looked from one THRUSH agent to the other and smiled to himself . . . so far, so good.

He quickly examined Napoleon, satisfied himself that his UNCLE compatriot was okay and estimated that he would be out cold for at least another fifteen minutes . . . fifteen precious minutes. He would have to go it alone.





He pulled the two THRUSH agents into the shadows of the wall, stripped one down to his vest and underpants, took off his own clothes and donned the THRUSH outfit. It wasn't quite Illya Kuryakin . . . the black overcoat with its too square shoulders and the black, heavy-brimmed hat . . . but in these circumstances that was all to the good.

He pulled out a small hypodermic and injected both THRUSH agents with a suitable dose of knock-out serum. "That'll keep 'em quiet for a while," he said to himself. Then he took out a small notepad and a ball-point from his own pocket and scribbled a note. He tucked it into Napoleon's jacket, then smiled and pulled down the brim of his hat a little more.

Illya extracted his personal communicator: "Open Channel D," he instructed. He reported the situation to UNCLE headquarters and said he was moving in to take THRUSH by storm.

"Proceed cautiously, Mr. Kuryakin," came back the honey-smooth voice of the blonde back at headquarters, and Illya assured her that he would, before signing off.

The next ten minutes could be crucial and Illya knew it only too well. He moved down the alleyway and as he rounded a slight bend he saw a glow at ground level. Once nearer, he could see it was a small open trapdoor, through which the THRUSH agents must have emerged as they came out to collect Napoleon.

Illya descended into a long, underground corridor which led obviously into the house. At first, Illya moved quietly and carefully. Then he remembered that he was disguised as a THRUSH agent anyway, so he must play it openly. He walked more briskly and emerged into a small, bare room. In the middle was a plain, upright chair, to which Alexander Waverly was securely bound. The UNCLE boss was somewhat drugged, but looked unharmed.

Illya was cautious. His instinct was to rush and help his boss, but he knew that would be no good. Not yet, anyway.

Then a loud voice commanded: "Come straight through here!"

Illya looked quickly round the room and saw the loudspeaker grating; then saw the door at the far end. He walked to it, through it, and was confronted with a THRUSH gang, six strong.

The voice, coming from the man in the centre of the gang, commanded again: "Headquarters will be here to collect Waverly any moment." Then, turning to Illya: "What have you done with Solo?" Illya jerked his head backwards, indicating that Napoleon was in the room with Mr. Waverly.

"Right. Let's go!"

Illya decided now was the time. As the gang began to move forward he took out his pistol, backing a little as he did so towards the escape door.

"Not so fast," he said.

For a moment the THRUSH thugs were stunned. Then they realised they had been tricked and the leader made a move to advance.

Illya prodded his gun forward. "I'll happily use this if you really want me to," he warned.

The man stopped almost before Illya had finished the phrase.

The Man from UNCLE backed easily towards the escape door. As he



did so, his eyes kept the THRUSH gang under surveillance and he saw the slight change of expression in the leader's eyes. They showed a glimmer of triumph, and Illya's gaze swung over his shoulder just in time to see the arm—and the heavy iron bar—swinging down on him. He ducked to the side and the blow thrust through empty air, a couple of inches from Illya. To a man, the THRUSH gang sprang forward and Illya was in trouble. He pressed the trigger of his automatic as his aim was knocked upwards and the bullet embedded into the ceiling.

But Illya was by no means beaten. As a man sprang at him from his left, the Man from UNCLE thrust the door back with tremendous force and the THRUSH agent dropped instantly.

Just in time, Illya saw a foot aimed his way. He caught it superbly, twisted hard, and a second THRUSH agent yelped with pain and thundered to the floor. The odds were high against Illya Kuryakin and he knew

something extra was needed. As the remaining THRUSH agents crowded into him, he backed away, giving himself space in which to move. From his belt he extracted a small capsule and flung it down in front of the advancing THRUSH pack.

The room filled with vapour. As his adversaries clutched at their throat and eyes, Illya, with those few seconds advantage, had gained the door and was through. He pulled it closed and thrust bolts across, to imprison THRUSH in the inner room.

He darted across to Alexander Waverly, cut his bonds and the two



men quickly gained the underground corridor.

As they approached the end of the tunnel, Illya eased Mr. Waverly back. "Hold it, sir," he directed.

One of the THRUSH agents overpowered by Illya at the beginning was on his feet, but still groggy. Illya waited his time and then, as the THRUSH thug staggered and wavered, put him down again with a nicely timed blow to the chin.

Illya turned to wave Mr. Waverly out from round the corner and then felt the weight on his back. The second THRUSH agent must have recovered and Illya once again was having to fight for his life. The arm was tightly round Illya's neck and he could feel his senses reeling. He jabbed out an elbow at the back and the pressure eased. Illya took advantage of the respite, turned quickly and moved to pulverise his assailant.

He pulled back his arm as he saw the familiar face and form of Napoleon. Napoleon's face was a study as he recognised his friend beneath the THRUSH disguise.

"What the . . ." he began. Then Napoleon's astonishment transferred from Illya to the note tucked into his jacket which he had just seen for the first time. He unhitched it and read the words: *Do not disturb*.

Napoleon looked puzzled. Then glanced up to see the faint smile on Illya's face. How or why Napoleon might not know, but who . . . yes, that was obvious.

As Mr. Waverly joined his men the three of them made for the alleyway entrance, and got there just as a limousine pulled up. It was an UNCLE car and the three climbed aboard.

"That was fortunate," announced Napoleon.

"A coincidence?" queried Illya.

Said Mr. Waverly: "Fortunate, Mr. Solo? A coincidence, Mr. Kuryakin? Not a bit. While you two were indulging in what seemed like a bit of pointless wrestling, I called headquarters. I couldn't see much fun in waiting around here with a pack of THRUSH agents back there. And anyway, after my stroll from the drugstore earlier, I felt I'd done enough walking for one day."

THE MAN FROM



STRANGE RENDEZVOUS



In World War II the Allies used Roman cemeteries to air-drop military equipment to Italian partisan bands.



Partisans used torches to locate the supplies. Superstitious Roman police feared to check the mysterious cemetery lights.



The parachuted equipment was unpacked and hidden in roomy mausoleums which had been selected as storehouses.



Next day disguised as mourners, the partisans visited the cemetery, carrying flowers in tribute to the dead.



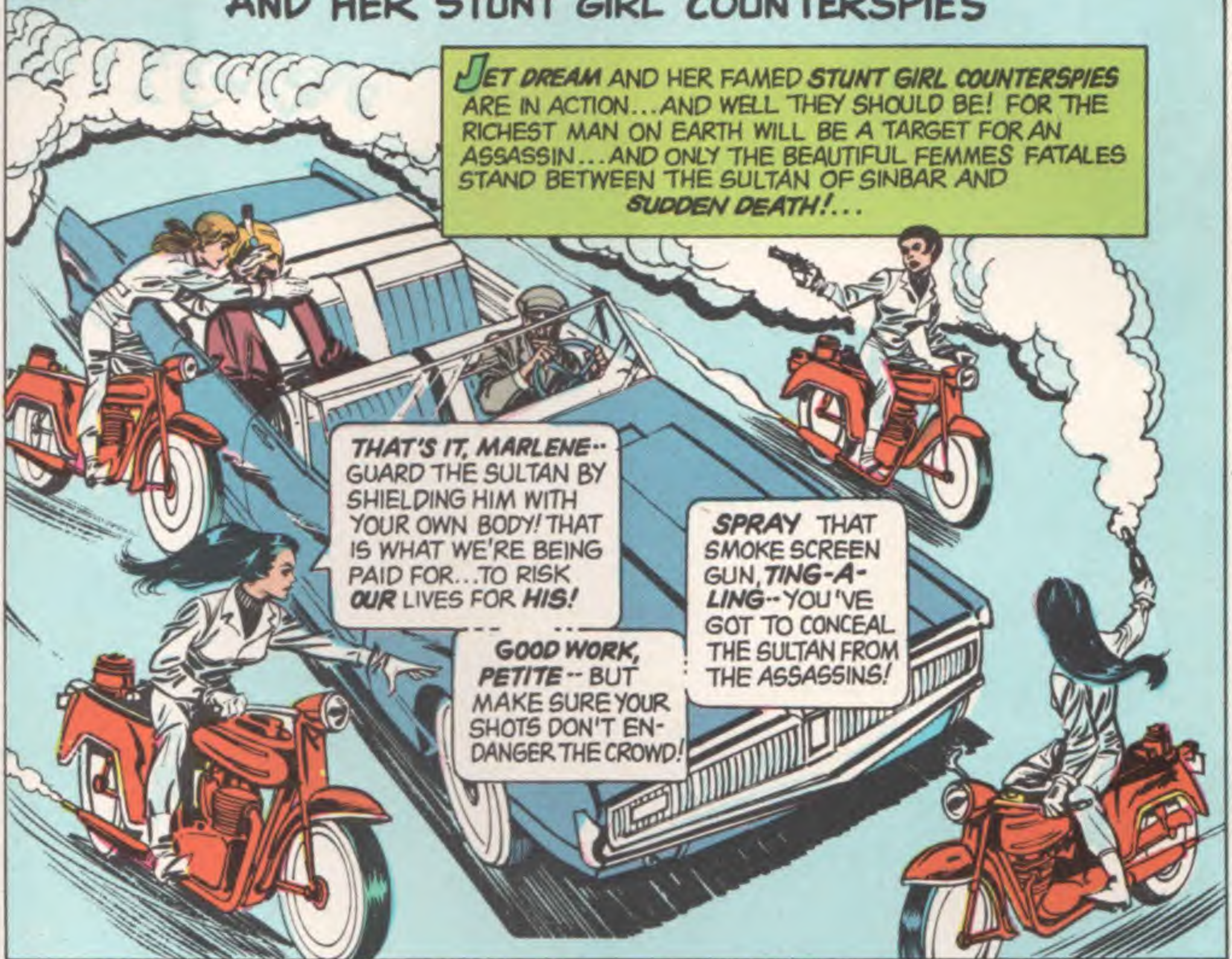
But when the visitors left, they carried out guns and munitions that would make life miserable for the Nazis.

Jet Dream

THE SET-UP SULTAN

AND HER STUNT GIRL COUNTERSPIES

JET DREAM AND HER FAMED STUNT GIRL COUNTERSPIES ARE IN ACTION...AND WELL THEY SHOULD BE! FOR THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH WILL BE A TARGET FOR AN ASSASSIN...AND ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL FEMMES FATALES STAND BETWEEN THE SULTAN OF SINBAR AND **SUDDEN DEATH!**...



THAT'S IT, MARLENE-- GUARD THE SULTAN BY SHIELDING HIM WITH YOUR OWN BODY! THAT IS WHAT WE'RE BEING PAID FOR...TO RISK OUR LIVES FOR HIS!

GOOD WORK, PETITE-- BUT MAKE SURE YOUR SHOTS DON'T ENDANGER THE CROWD!

SPRAY THAT SMOKE SCREEN GUN, TING-A-LING--YOU'VE GOT TO CONCEAL THE SULTAN FROM THE ASSASSINS!

ABRUPTLY JET BLOWS A WHISTLE ...THE MOCK BATTLE IS OVER...

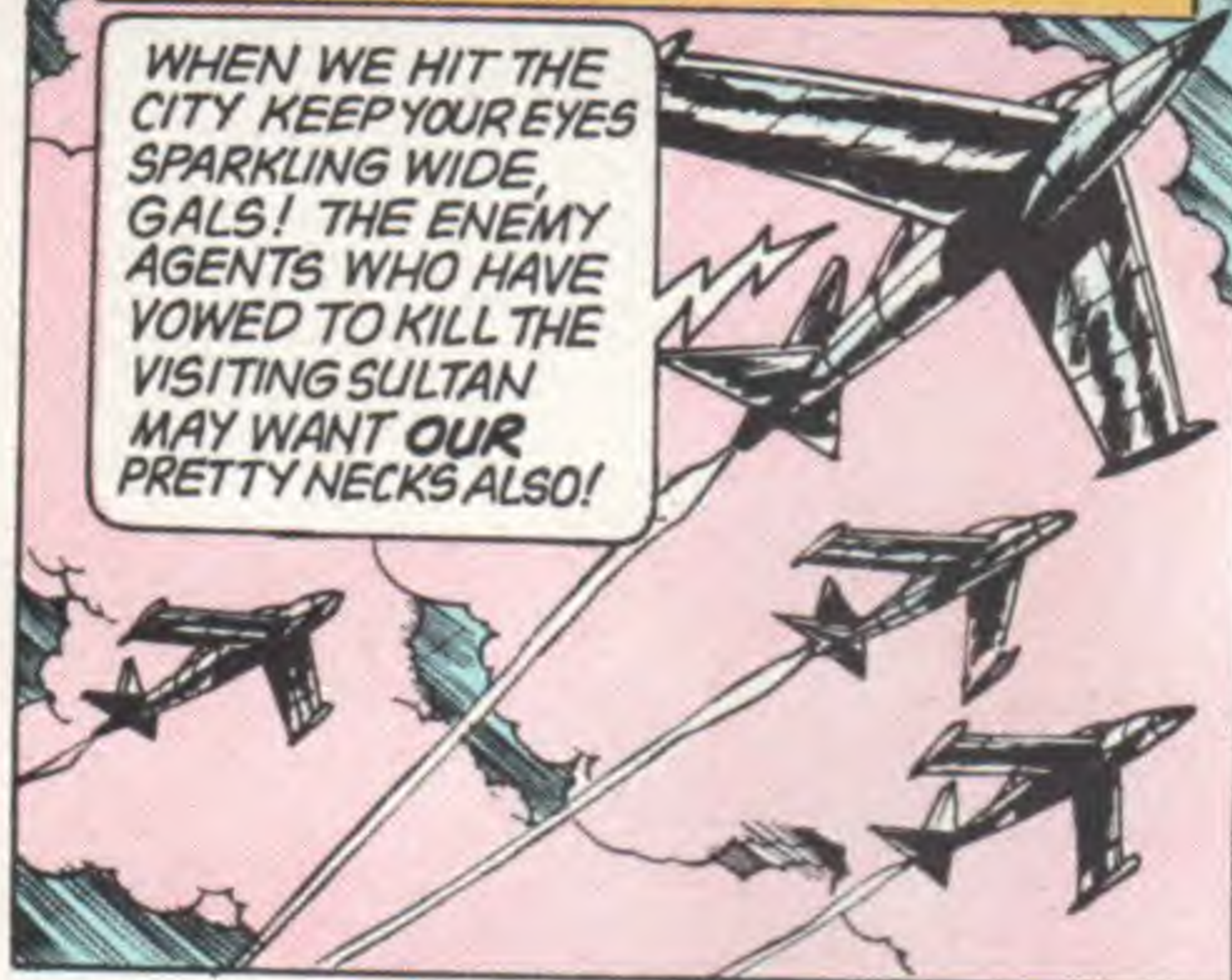
WHEEE!

NICE DUMMY RUN, GALS! WE'RE READY TO PLAY FOR KEEPS! AND FOR THESE GORGEOUS SUPER-LOVELY PEARLS HE'S PAYING US WITH, WE'LL GUARD THE REAL SULTAN LIKE A DELICATE CHINA DOLL!



SHORTLY, THE INTREPID PETTICOAT BRIGADE TAKES OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA...

WHEN WE HIT THE CITY KEEP YOUR EYES SPARKLING WIDE, GALS! THE ENEMY AGENTS WHO HAVE VOWED TO KILL THE VISITING SULTAN MAY WANT OUR PRETTY NECKS ALSO!



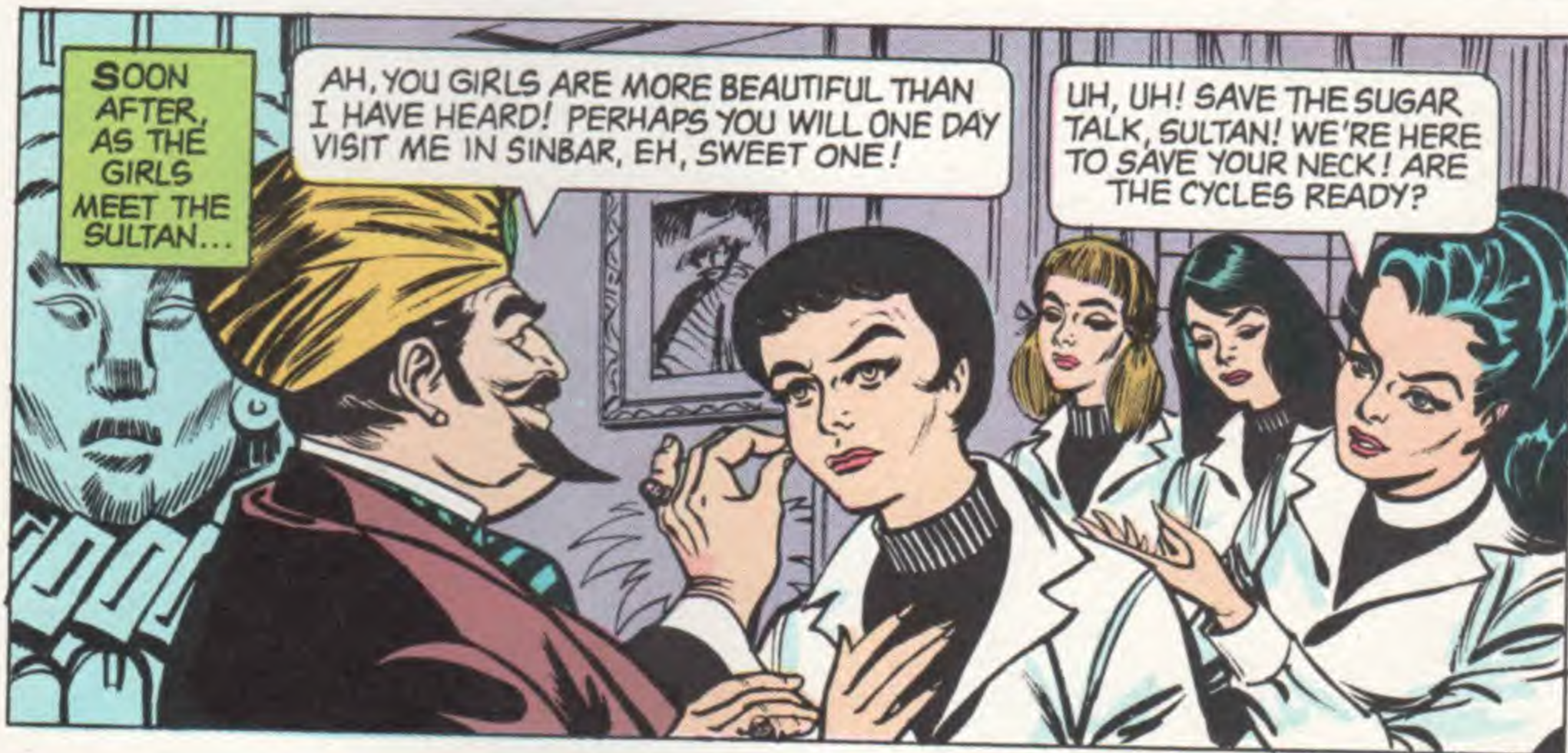
HUNDREDS OF LOCAL POLICE WILL HAVE HIS ROUTE THROUGH TOWN SAFELY COVERED... BUT WHEN HE REACHES THIS **OPEN AREA** AT THE EDGE OF TOWN HE'LL BE VULNERABLE! HMM...



SOON AFTER, AS THE GIRLS MEET THE SULTAN...

AH, YOU GIRLS ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I HAVE HEARD! PERHAPS YOU WILL ONE DAY VISIT ME IN SINBAR, EH, SWEET ONE!

UH, UH! SAVE THE SUGAR TALK, SULTAN! WE'RE HERE TO SAVE YOUR NECK! ARE THE CYCLES READY?



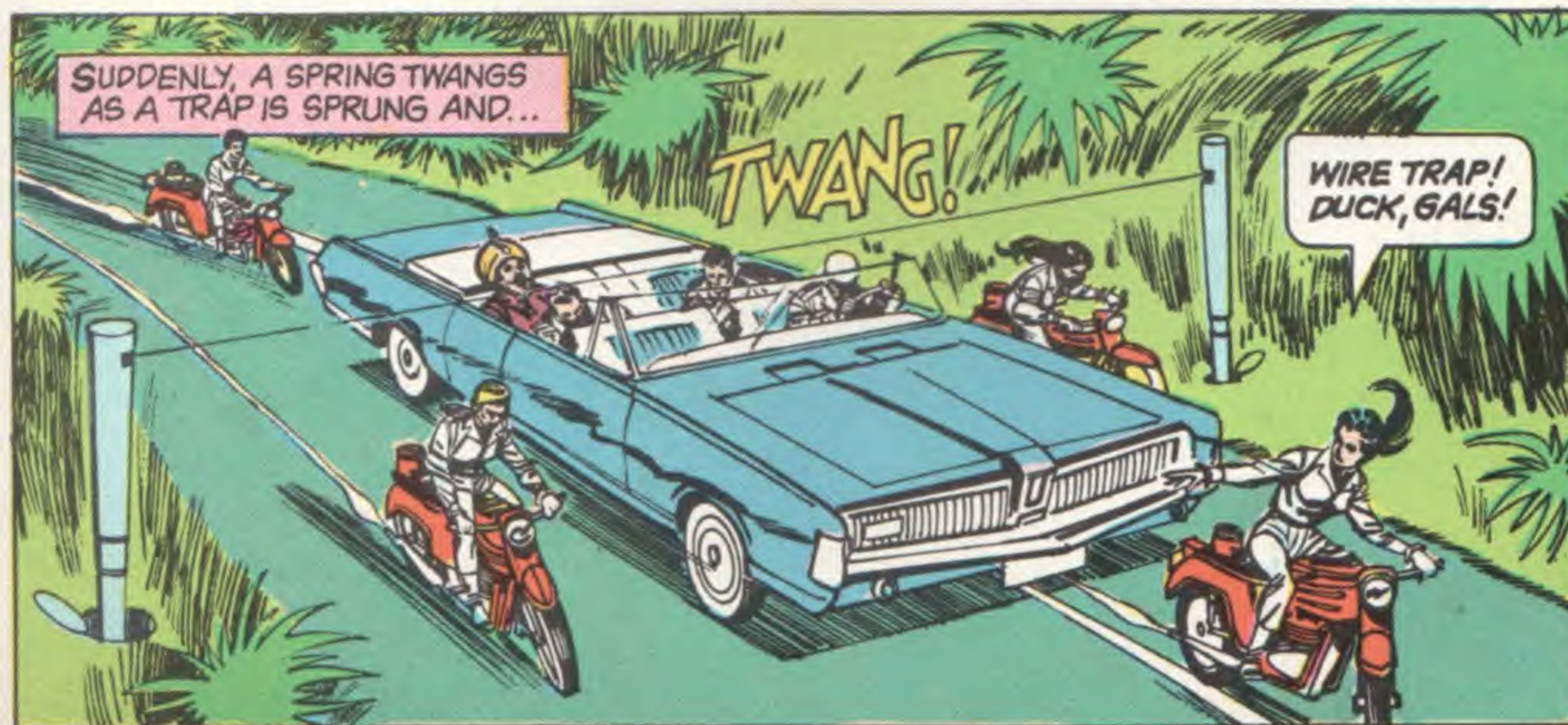
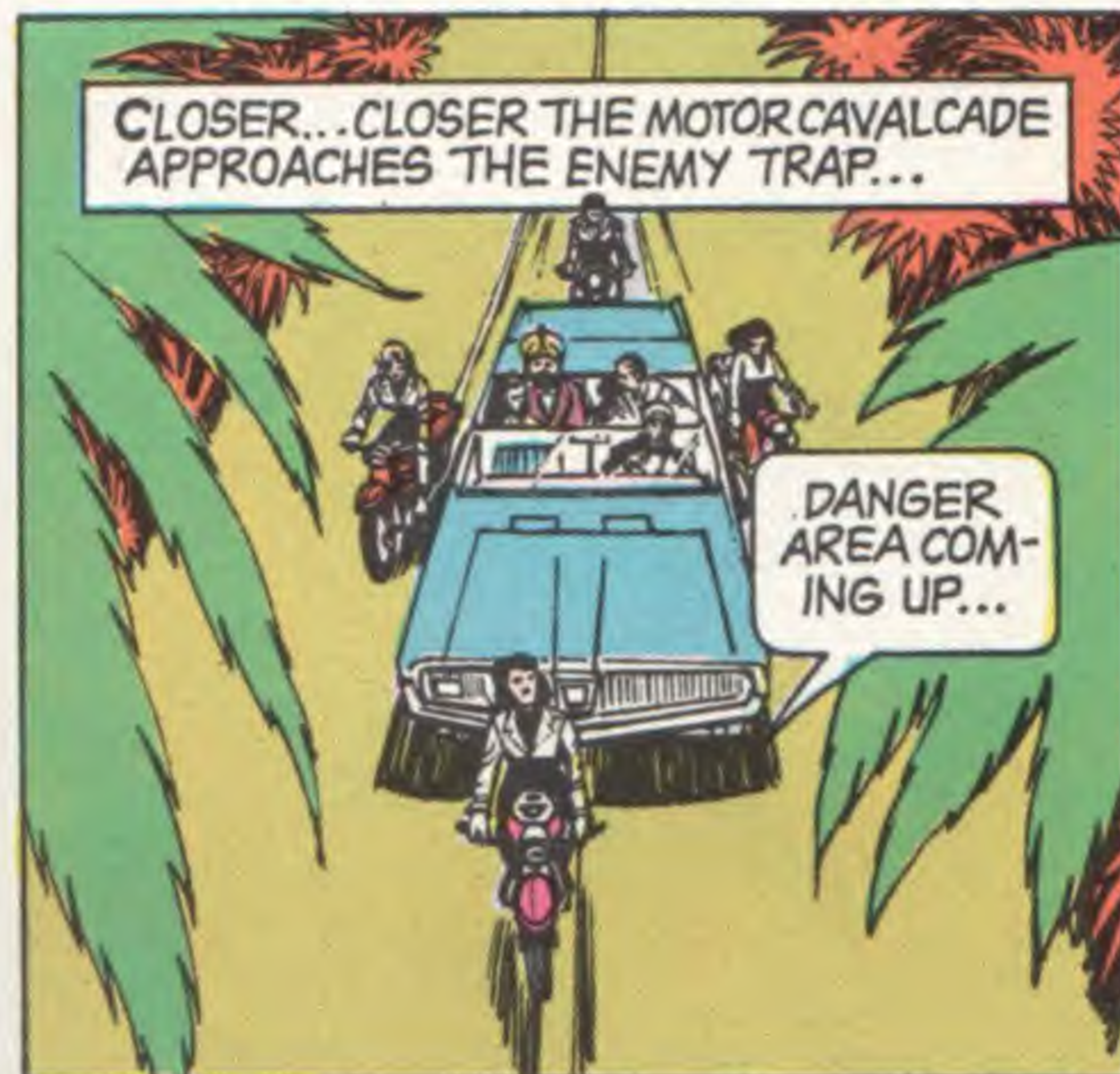
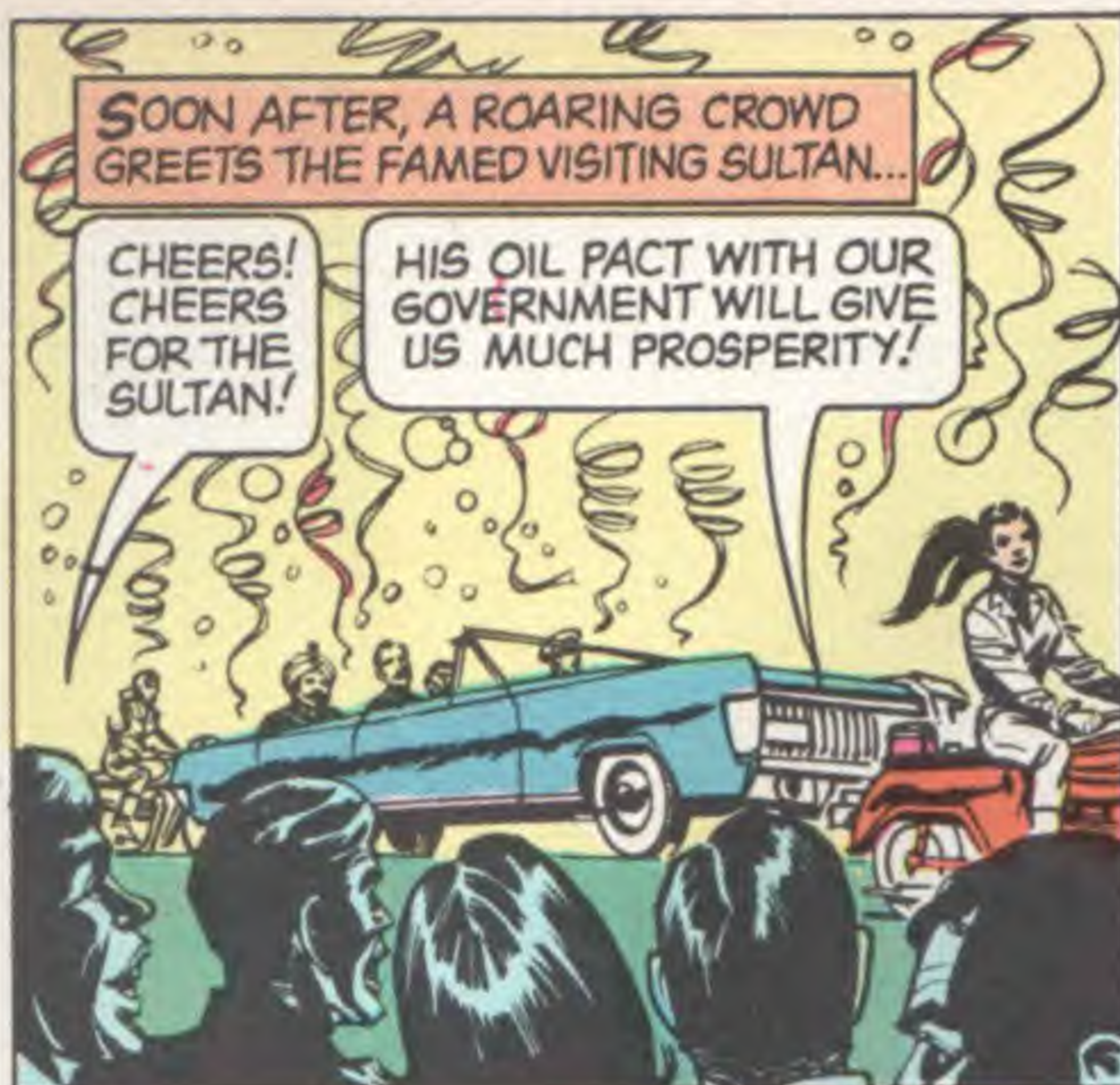
THERE THEY ARE, MY BEAUTY, JUST AS YOU ORDERED!

FINE, SULTAN! EVERYTHING'S IN READINESS FOR YOUR "TICKER TAPE" PARADE THROUGH TOWN!



NOW THERE'S **ONE** OTHER THING NEEDED TO PROTECT YOU, SULTAN! LISTEN CAREFULLY...









THE ANIMAL AGENTS AFFAIR

ACT II - A FISHY STORY

ILLYA PLUMMETS OUT OF THE SKY IN A FANTASY OF FEATHERED ACTION-- FOR THRUSH'S TRAINED EAGLE HAS ESCAPED WITH PROFESSOR DUNSTED'S VITAL **BOMB-BULLET** PLANS...



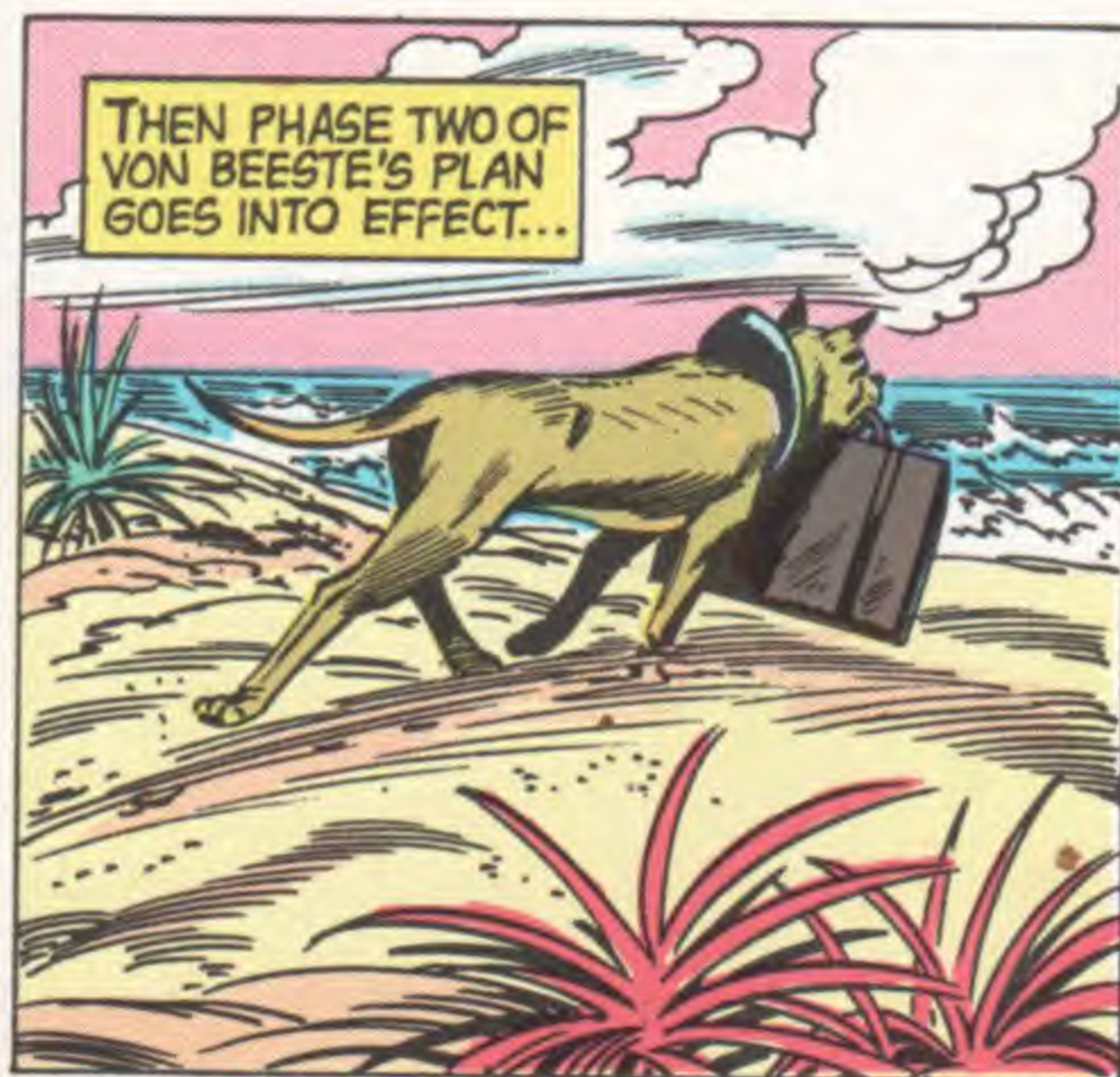
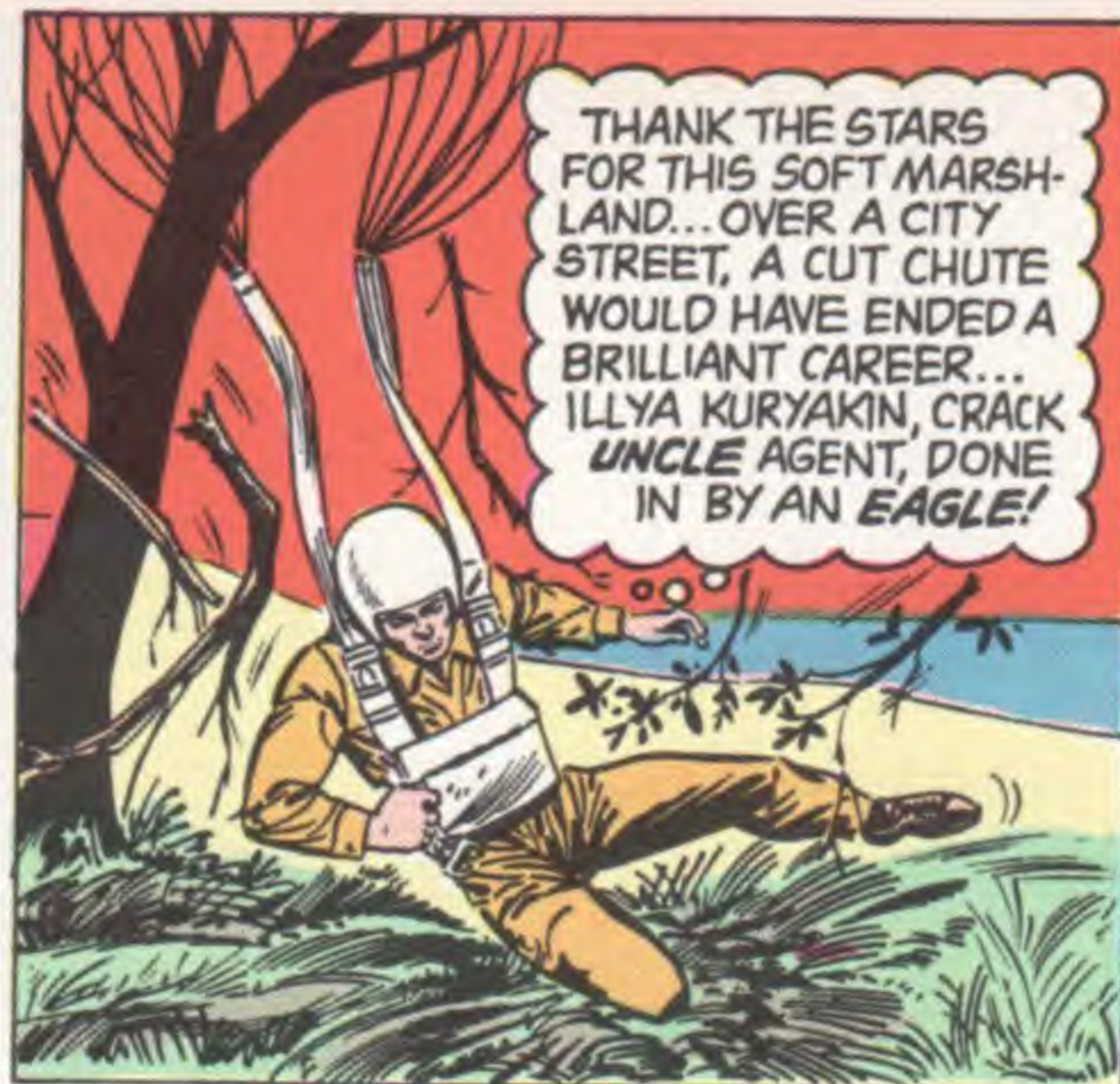
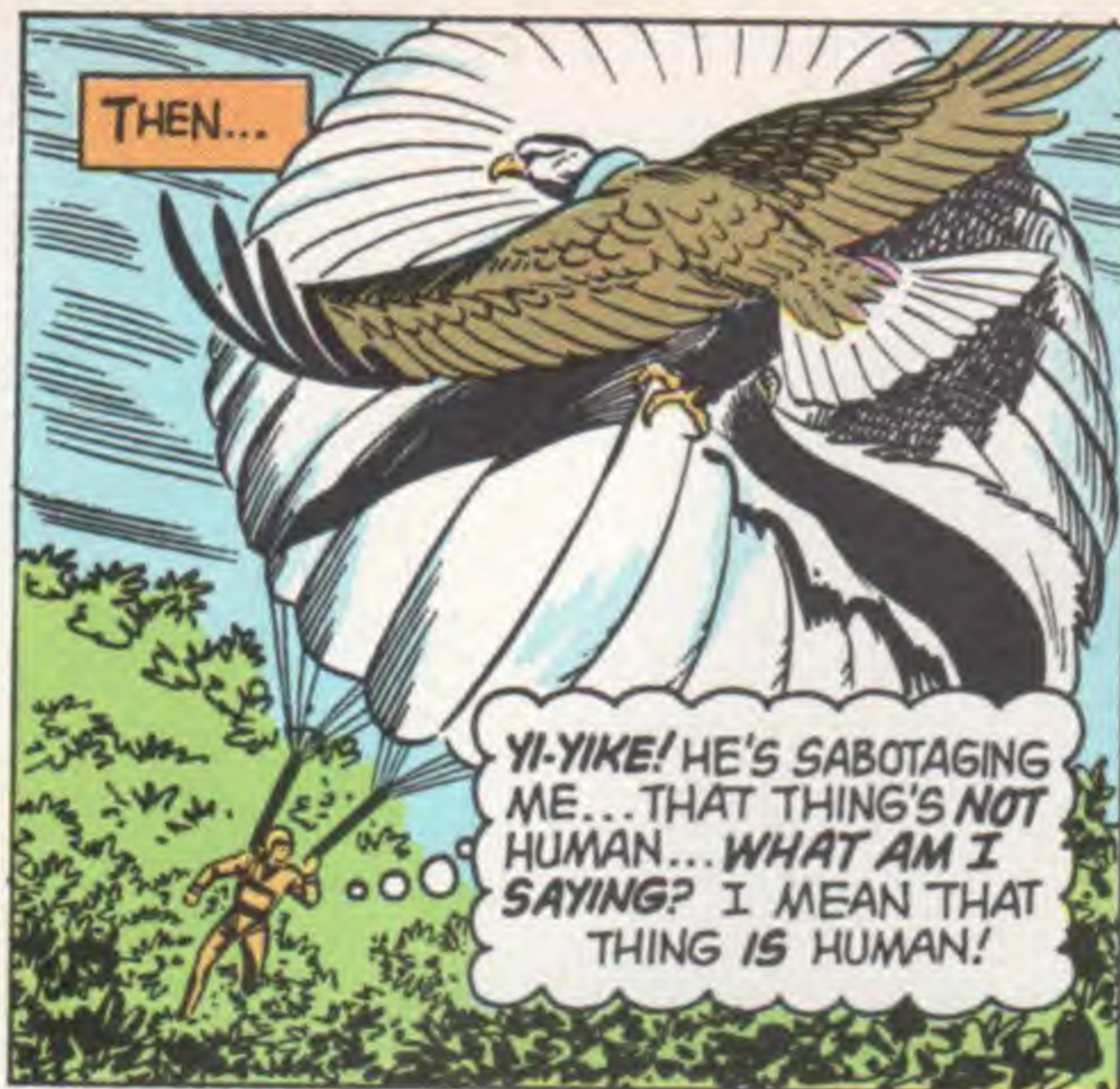
THE EAGLE'S WHEELED BACK... TO ATTACK ILLYA!



WH-WHEW! THAT FEATHERED FIEND ALMOST HAD ME THEN... HE JUST DOESN'T *WANT* ME TO *FIND* THAT BRIEFCASE HE DROPPED! OH, OH! HE'S TURNING FOR ANOTHER RUN AT ME!



RAWK!







IT IS LEATHER BINDING...TORN FROM THE SMASHED BRIEFCASE! ILLYA, SOMEHOW, THE PROFESSOR'S PLANS HAVE GONE TO SEA!

THERE'S A SHIP OUT THERE...BUT IT'S BEYOND THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT!



LATER, AS MR. WAVERLY IS CONTACTED...

I'VE CHECKED THE VESSEL YOU SAW, MR. KURYAKIN! IT IS BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA! WE CANNOT BOARD AND SEARCH HER WHILE SHE IS AT SEA! RETURN AT ONCE! I HAVE OTHER PLANS!

YES, SIR!



WHEN NAPOLEON AND ILLYA REACH NEW YORK UNCLE HEAD-QUARTERS...

WE ARE IN A BIT OF LUCK, GENTLEMEN! PROF. DUNSTED INFORMS ME HE ALSO HAD IN HIS BRIEFCASE AN INSTRUMENT LIKE THIS! IT IS RADIOACTIVE AND CAN BE PICKED UP BY GEIGER COUNTER!



OUR MAIN CONCERN IS THIS INCREDIBLE ANIMAL ESPIONAGE! YOU WILL GO TO SYDNEY TO AWAIT THE FREIGHTER! THEN YOU WILL TRAIL THE BRIEFCASE BY GEIGER COUNTER!



AND A WEEK LATER, IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA...

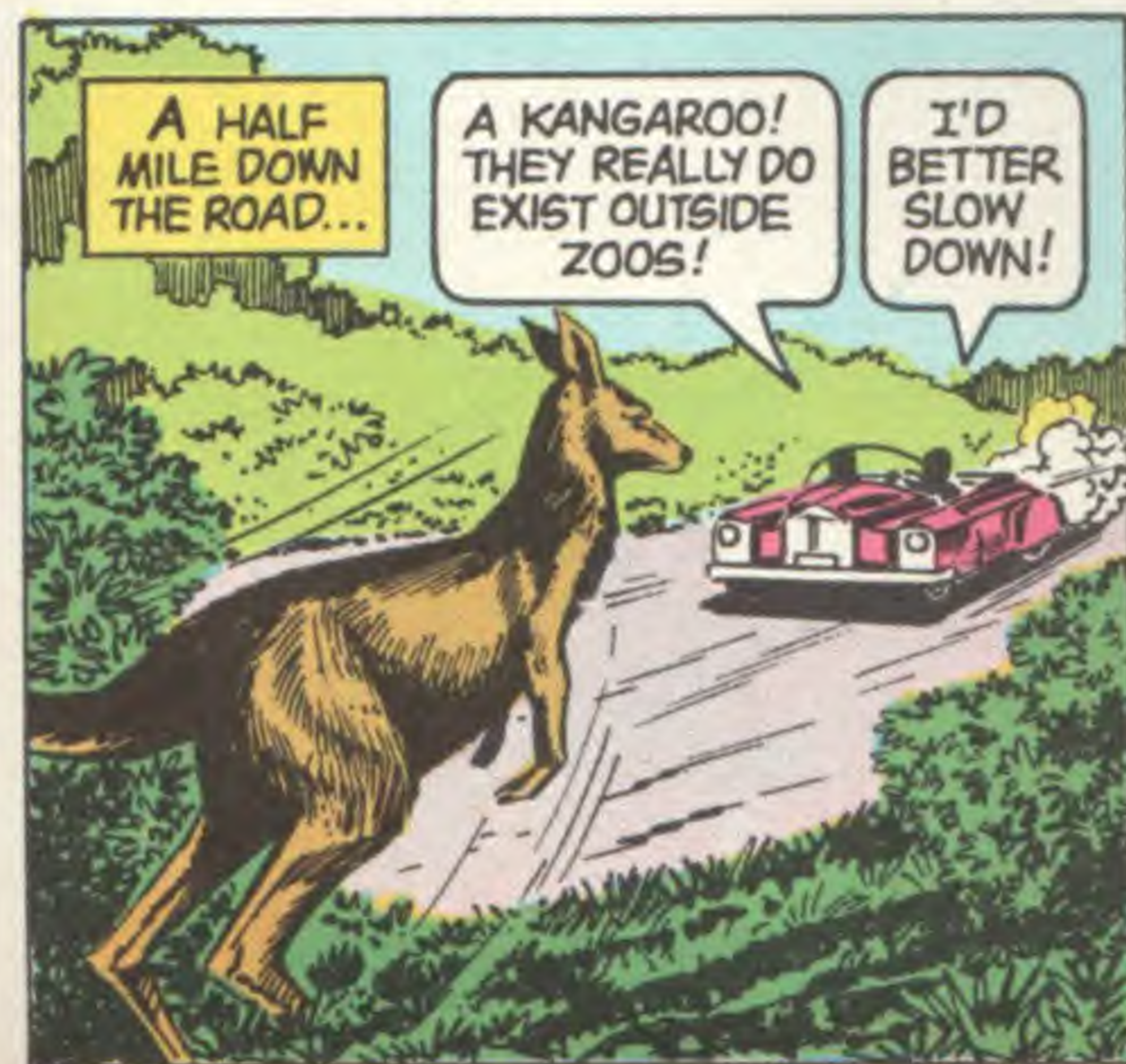
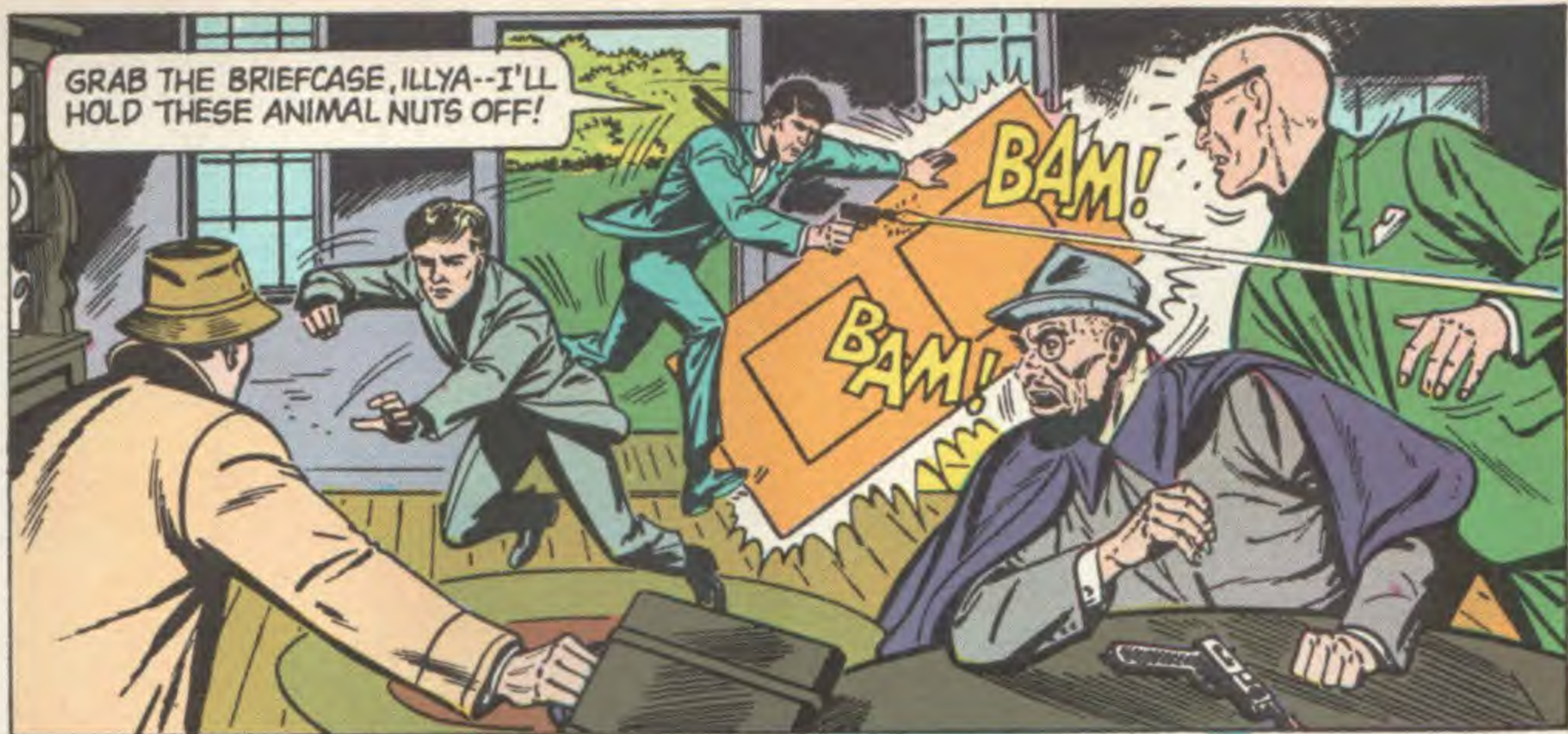
JACKPOT, ILLYA... THE COUNTER'S CLUCKING LIKE A LOVE-SICK HEN! THERE'S OUR MAN!

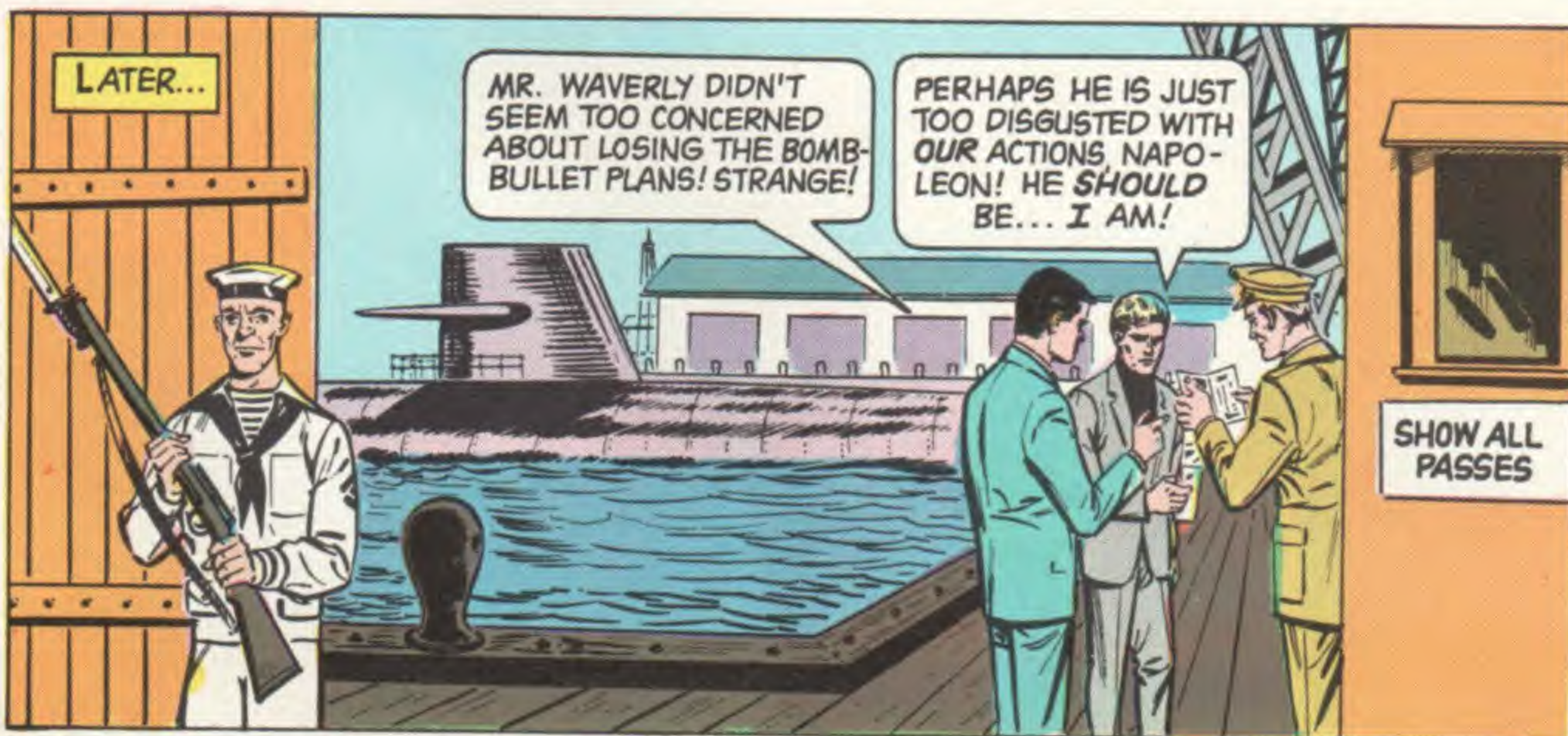
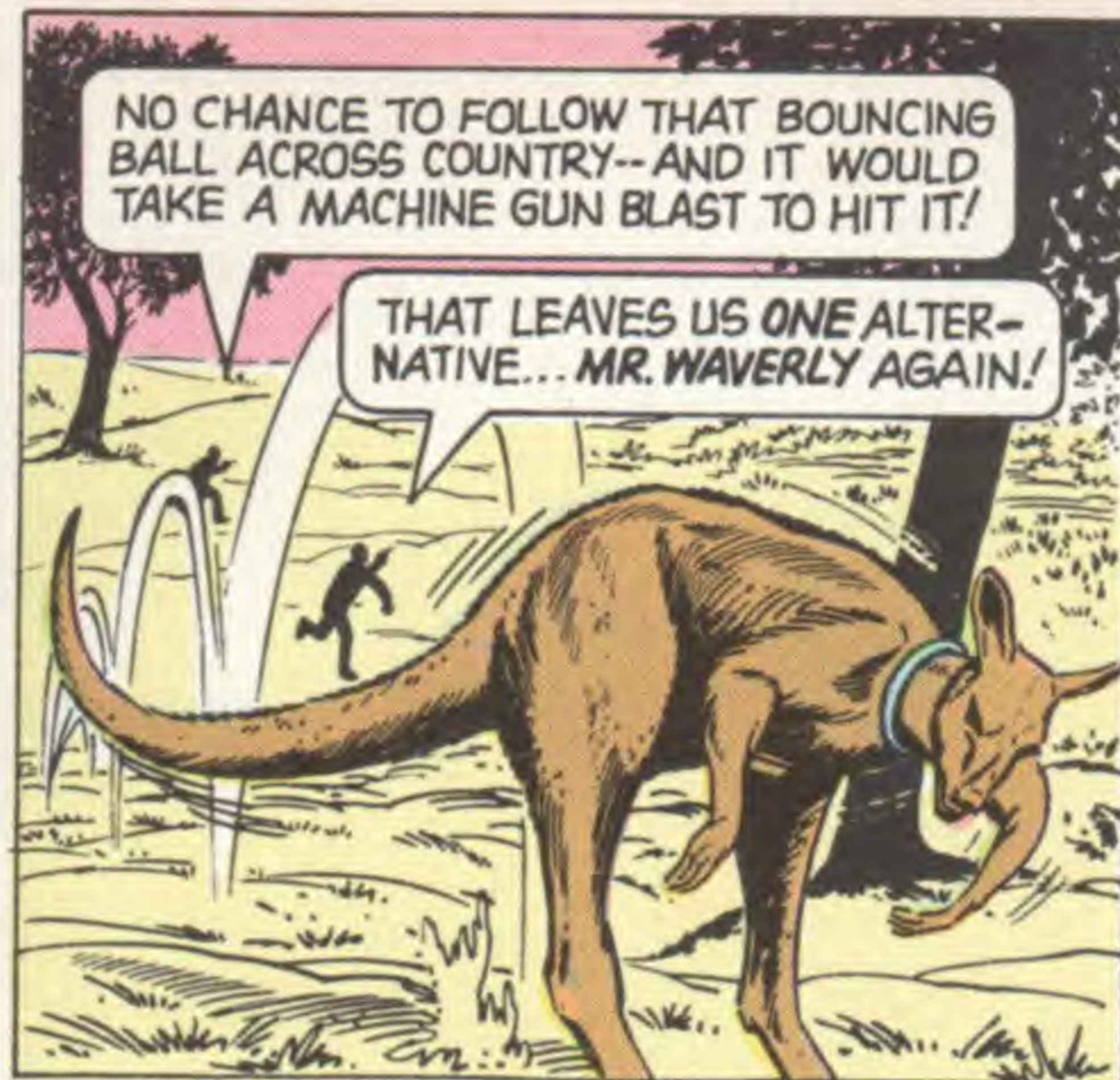
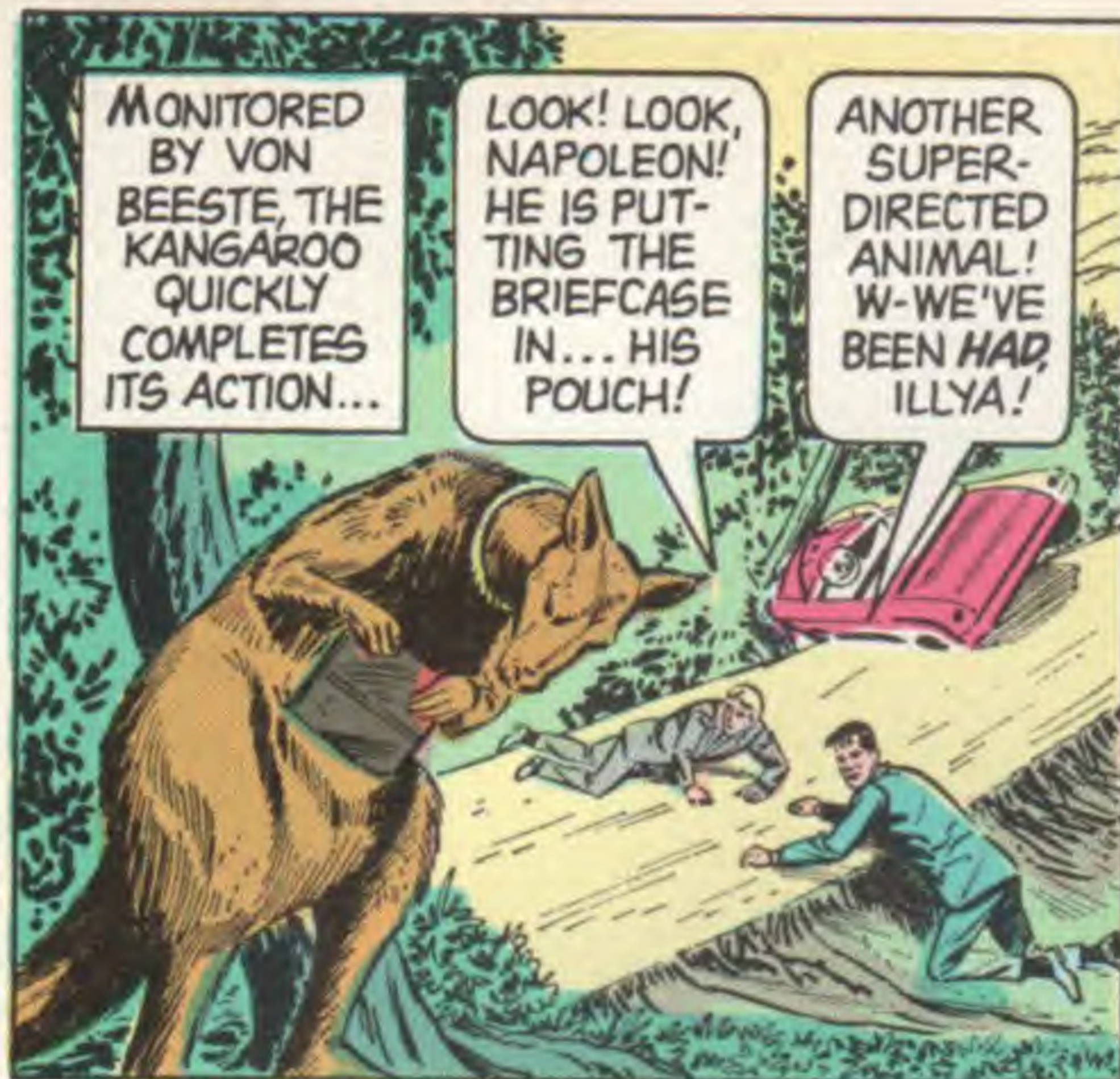


AND THEN...

THERE'S THE DEN! NOW WHAT?

RETRIEVE THE BRIEFCASE AND NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES! LET'S GO!





SHORTLY, ABOARD THE SEA SLEUTH, AS SOLO AND ILLYA MAKE A SECURITY CHECK...

WELL, SIR, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE SHIP-SHAPE WITH THE CONTROLS! WE CAN'T FIND ANY SIGNS OF ESPIONAGE!

FINE! WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE *UNCLE* DOUBLE CHECKING OUR SECURITY! HAVE A GOOD TRIP BACK TO THE STATES WITH US!



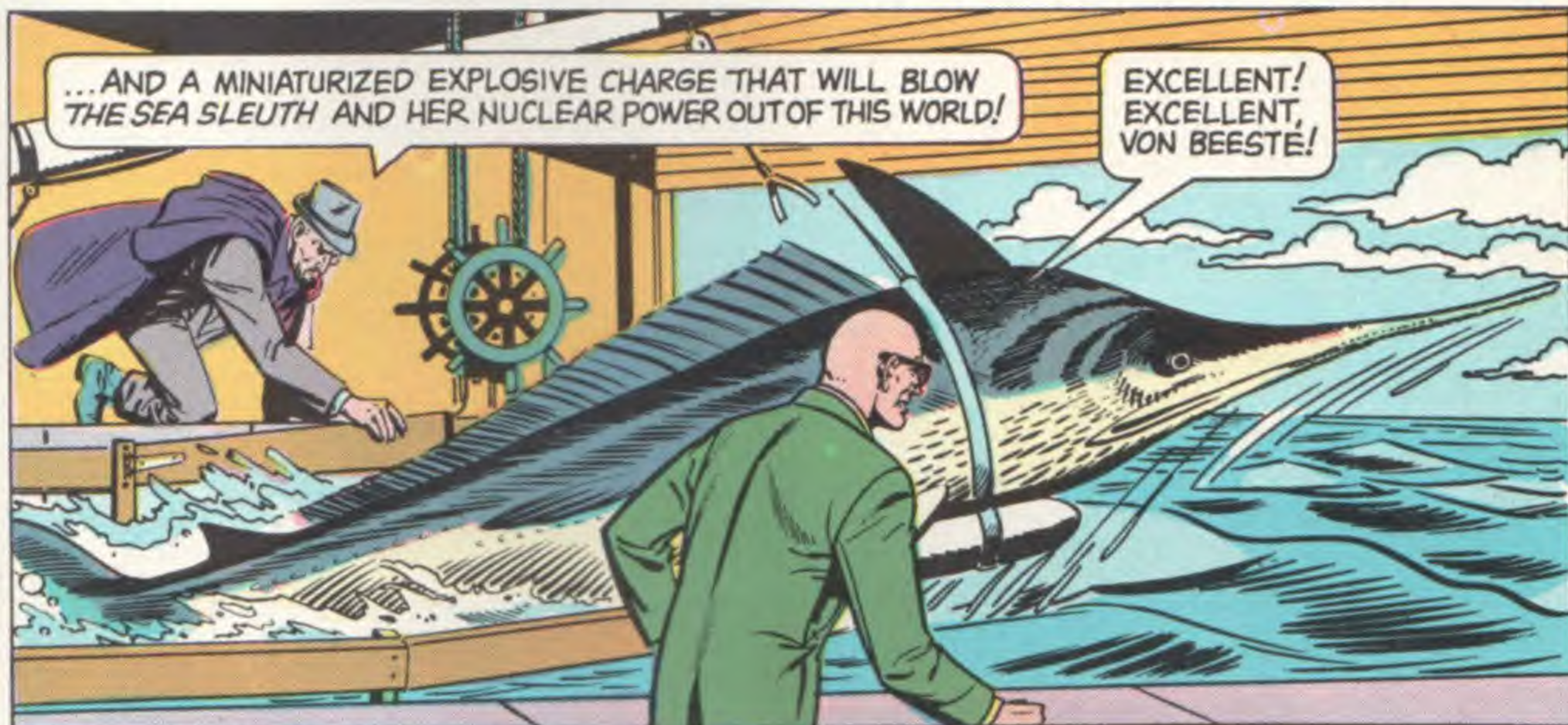
BUT SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE NUCLEAR VESSEL HEADS HOMeward, AN ODD SIGHT TAKES PLACE AT A SMALL PORT...

THE MARLIN IS ONE OF THE FASTEST FISH ALIVE! HE HAS ATTACHED A HOMING DEVICE THAT WILL LEAD HIM TO THE SEA SLEUTH...

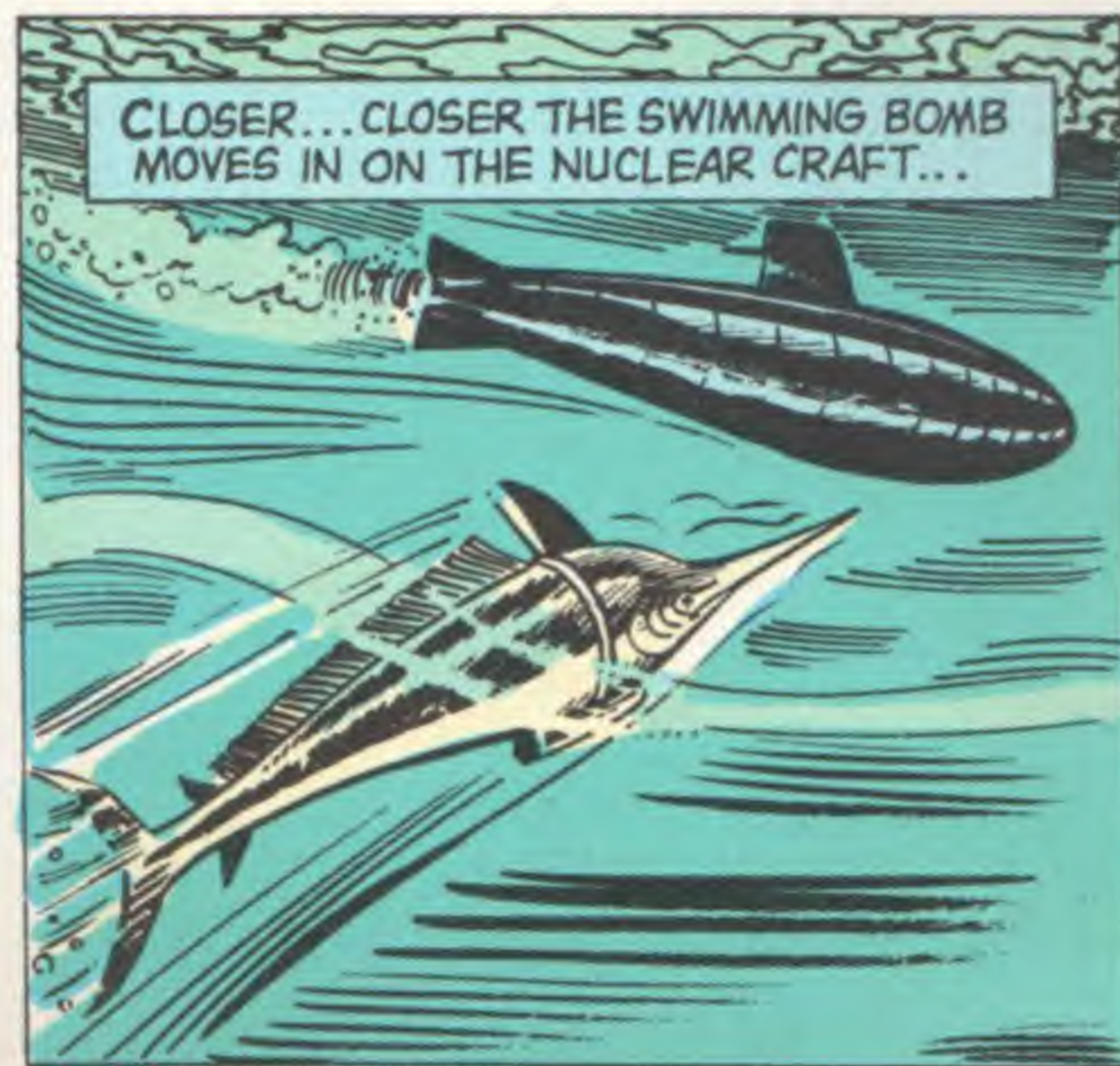


...AND A MINIATURIZED EXPLOSIVE CHARGE THAT WILL BLOW THE SEA SLEUTH AND HER NUCLEAR POWER OUT OF THIS WORLD!

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT, VON BEESTE!



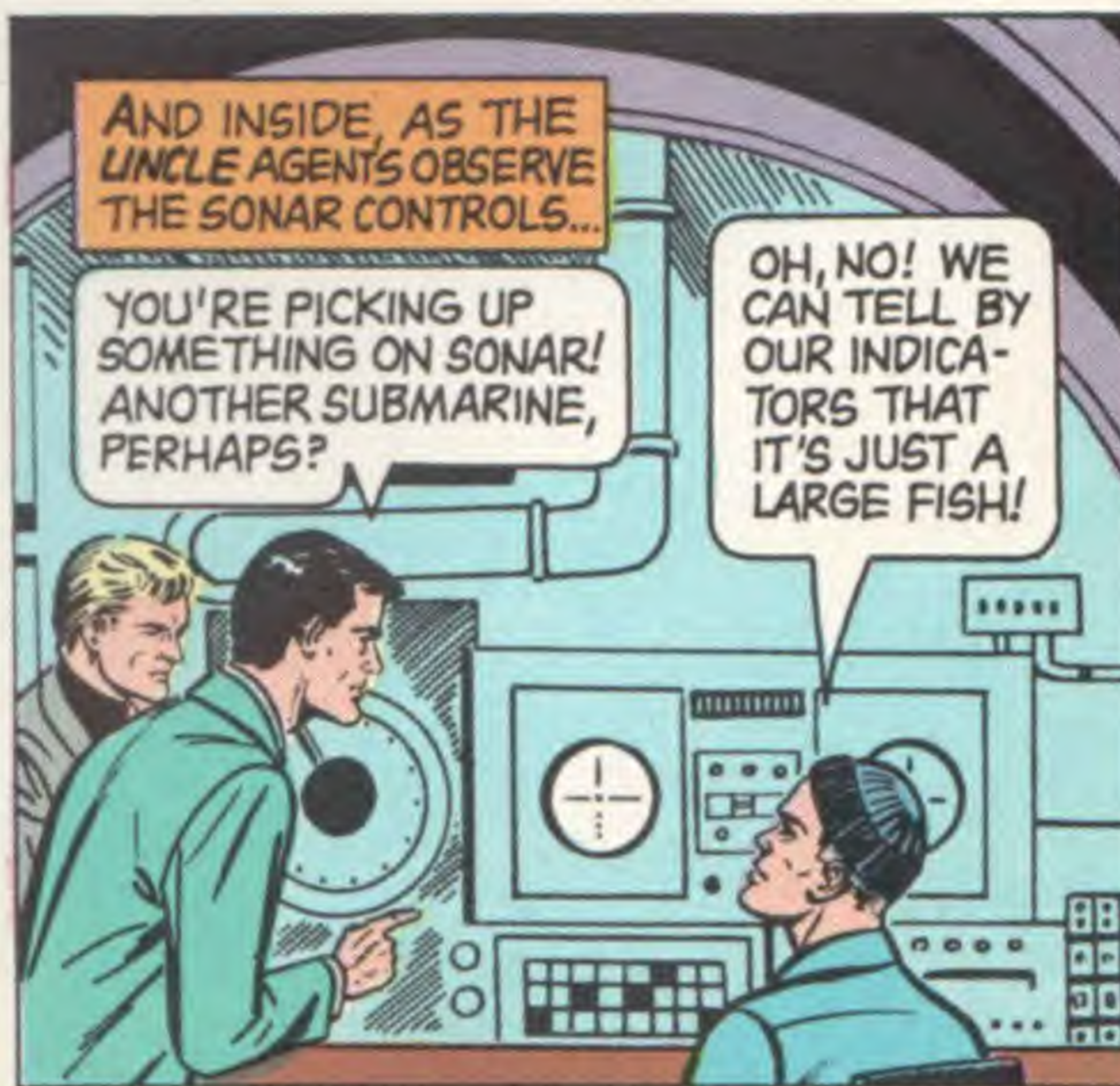
CLOSER... CLOSER THE SWIMMING BOMB MOVES IN ON THE NUCLEAR CRAFT...

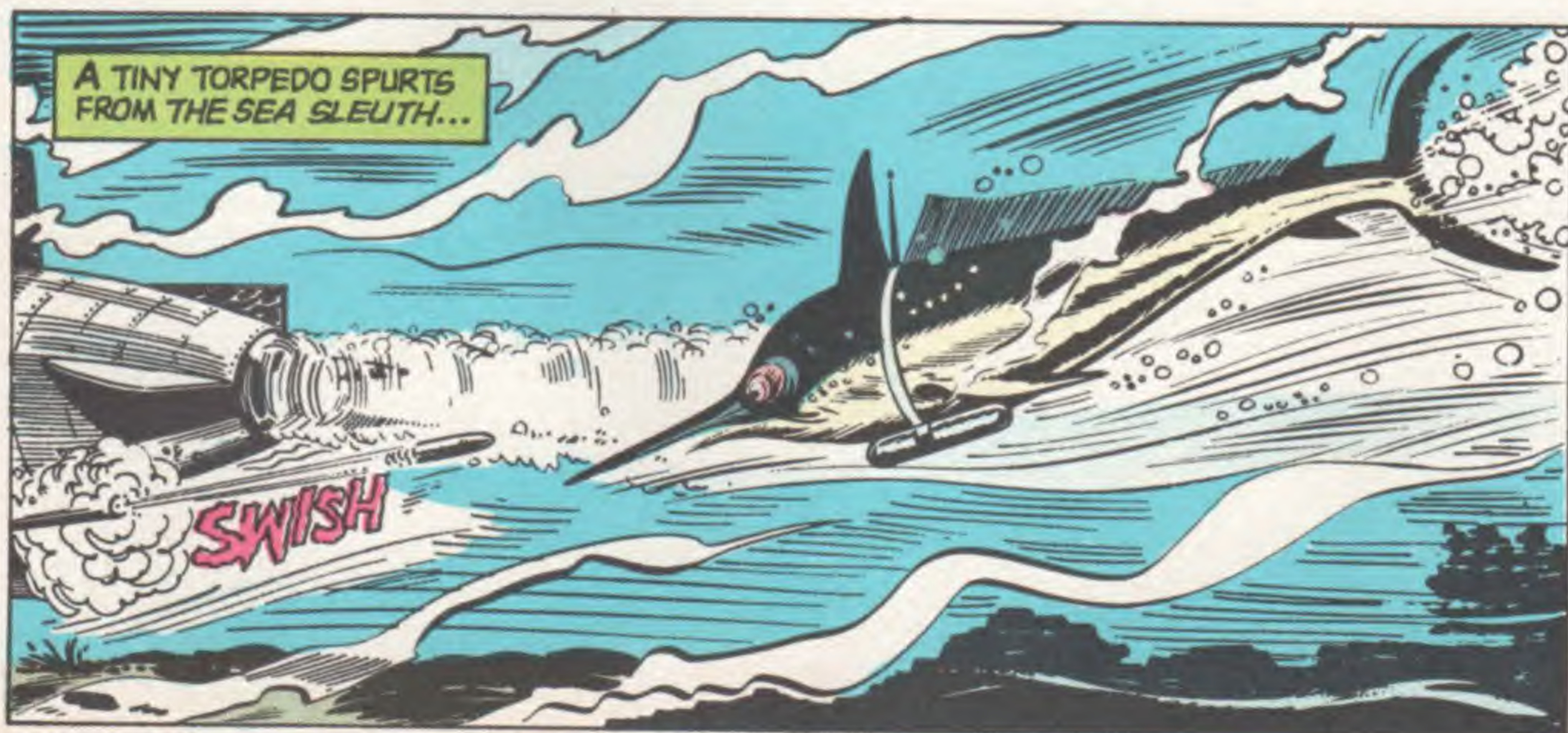


AND INSIDE, AS THE *UNCLE* AGENTS OBSERVE THE SONAR CONTROLS...

YOU'RE PICKING UP SOMETHING ON SONAR! ANOTHER SUBMARINE, PERHAPS?

OH, NO! WE CAN TELL BY OUR INDICATORS THAT IT'S JUST A LARGE FISH!







THE
POWERFUL
DETONATION
ROCKS THE
MIGHTY SEA
SLEUTH...

WHAT IN BLUE THUNDER--!
I-IT BLEW UP LIKE A MINE!

YOU HAVE JUST
DESTROYED A MURDER-
OUS **ANIMAL AGENT**!
IT SOUNDS INSANE...
BUT YOU WON'T THINK
SO WHEN WE'VE
EXPLAINED!

AND WHEN THE
UNCLE AGENTS
HAVE EXPLAINED...

ANIMALS...TRAINED
IN ESPIONAGE! NOW
I'VE HEARD EVERY-
THING!

THE FASTER WE
MAKE PORT THE
BETTER! THAT
BOMB-BEARING
MARLIN MAY BE
JUST THE BEGIN-
NING OF THIS FAN-
TASTIC OPERATION!

DAYS LATER,
AS **UNCLE**
HOLDS A TOP
LEVEL CON-
FERENCE...

AN EAGLE...A KANGAROO
AND A FISH! INCREDIBLE!
BUT THE WORST BY FAR,
IS THAT WE DO NOT KNOW
THE FULL SCOPE OF THIS
ANIMAL OPERATION YET!

WE CANNOT POSSIBLY TELL HOW MANY
OTHER ANIMALS HAVE SUCCESSFULLY
OPERATED IN ESPIONAGE WITHOUT THEIR
TREACHERY BEING REVEALED!

HMM... THAT'S RIGHT, SIR--PLANS
COULD HAVE BEEN STOLEN OR
COPIED--THE RESULTS OF WHICH
WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO LIGHT
YET!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE UNCLE HEADQUARTERS...

ALICE, LOOK--A GUIDE
DOG WITH A BLIND
MAN'S HARNESS ON!

POOR
THING!



WHY--HE MUST
HAVE BECOME
SEPARATED FROM
HIS OWNER!

GOODNESS! SOME
POOR BLIND MAN
WILL BE DESPERATE!
WE'D BEST BRING
IT IN FOR THE
AGENTS TO IDENTIFY!



WHILE
A FEW
MILES
AWAY...

SUCCESS... THEY HAVE TAKEN
FRITZ IN! AFTER LOSING OUR
MARLIN, IT IS FAR BETTER
THAT WE *RID* OURSELVES OF
UNCLE INTERFERENCE BEFORE
CONTINUING!

YOU'RE
A GENIUS,
VON
BEESTE!

I SEE NOW
WHY YOU WANT
US TO RETURN
TO AMERICA AT
ONCE!



AND INSIDE UNCLE...

MR. WAVERLY,
THIS GUIDE
DOG WAS
LOST AND--

THAT HARNESS
... ANOTHER
ANIMAL AGENT!

SOLO!...
QUICKLY!



THE HARNESS... IF AN EXPLOSIVE
IS PLANTED IT WILL BE *THERE*!

AWWRRR!!



CLEAR THE DECK,
MR. WAVERLY!





WH-WHEW! HERE IT IS...
A CYLINDER OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES
FITTED WITH A TIMING DEVICE!

EXCELLENT WORK,
MR. SOLO!



BUT WE'RE STILL
NO CLOSER TO THE
SOLUTION THAN BE-
FORE, MR. WAVERLY!
THIS DOG ISN'T GO-
ING TO REVEAL THE
ANIMAL AGENT PLOT!

PERHAPS HE *WILL!*
COME ALONG--YOU,
TOO, MR. KURYAKIN!



AND AS
MR. WAVERLY
MOTIONS TO
A MAGNIFY-
ING PLATE...

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE
THAT TINY CYLINDER,
GENTLEMEN!



A FLEA!

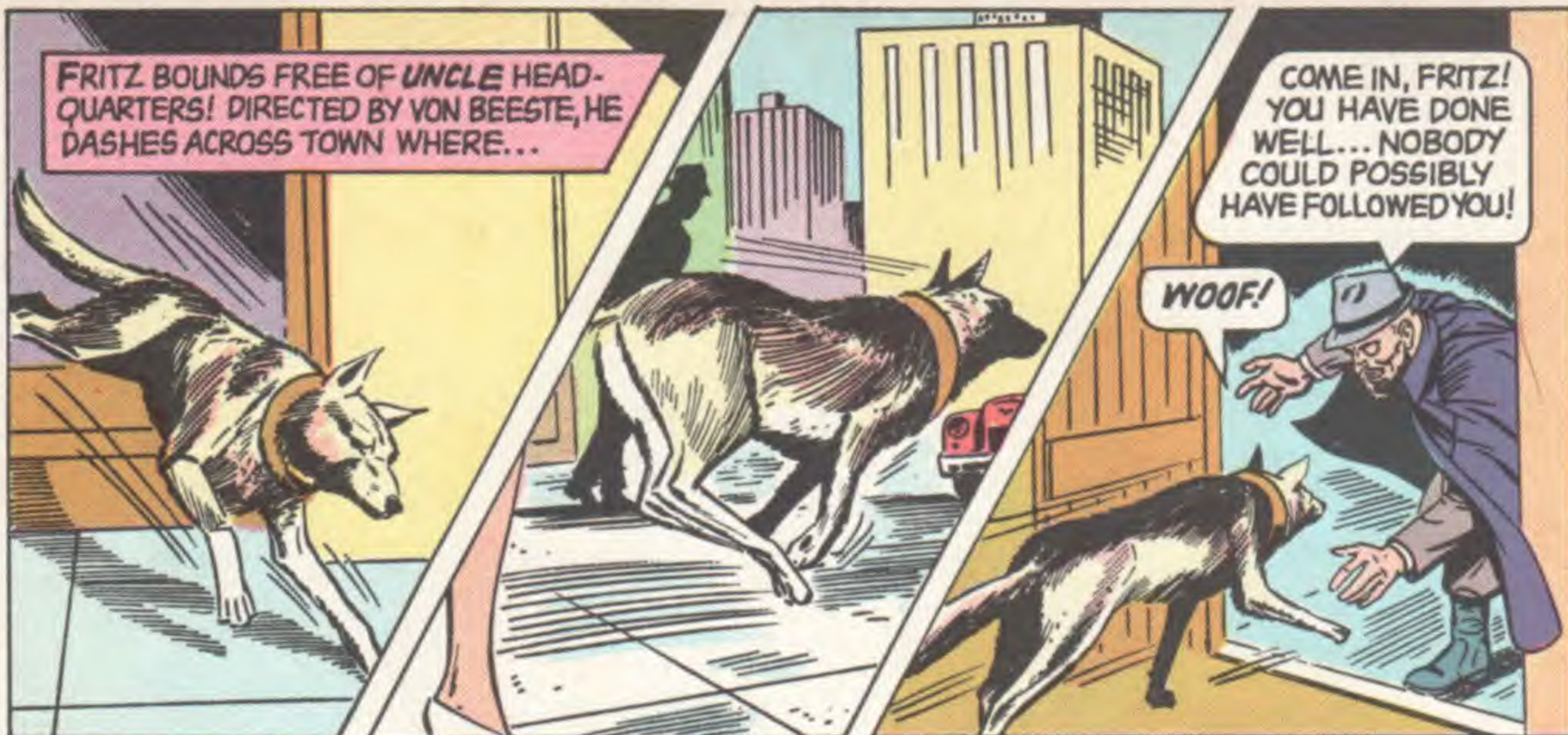
YES,
INDEED!



BUT A VERY *RARE* AND *VALUABLE* FLEA,
GENTLEMEN! BRING THE DOG OVER HERE,
PLEASE... HE IS GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE
COMPANION UPON HIS BACK!



THERE! NOW TAKE THESE INSTRUMENTS
AND TURN THE DOG LOOSE... WE'RE GO-
ING TO TRY AND OUT-FOX THE ANIMAL
AGENTS THEMSELVES!



FRITZ BOUNDS FREE OF **UNCLE** HEAD-QUARTERS! DIRECTED BY VON BEESTE, HE DASHES ACROSS TOWN WHERE...

COME IN, FRITZ! YOU HAVE DONE WELL... NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY HAVE FOLLOWED YOU!

WOOF!



BUT SHORTLY AFTER, THE DOOR CLOSES ON THE INCREDIBLE ANIMAL AGENT...

THIS IS IT, MY FRIEND... OUR LITTLE FLEA DID NOT LET US DOWN!

THEN LET US NOT LET HIM DOWN! WE'LL TRY A SURPRISE ASSAULT!

BEEP!
BEEP!



ABRUPTLY...

ACH!!
WHAT ISS?

ISS THAT THE GAME OF "ANIMAL CRACKERS" IS UP, FRIEND! DO NOT MOVE A MUSCLE!



AND WHEN THE GROUP HAVE BEEN SUBDUED...

A TINY FLEA BROUGHT ABOUT YOUR END, VON BEESTE! YOU SEE, HE CARRIES THE SMALLEST MINIATURIZED RADIO BUG EVER MADE! IT WAS QUITE SIMPLE TO FOLLOW THE SIGNAL IT SENT!

THEY GOT AWAY!

In an Oak

In order to escape from the Roundhead soldiers after he was defeated at the battle of Worcester, Charles II hid in the leafy branches of a mighty oak tree, in the grounds of Boscobel House in Shropshire.

Although the soldiers passed right beneath the tree, the young king was not discovered, and was able to make his way safely to France, where he remained for some nine years before returning in triumph to England.

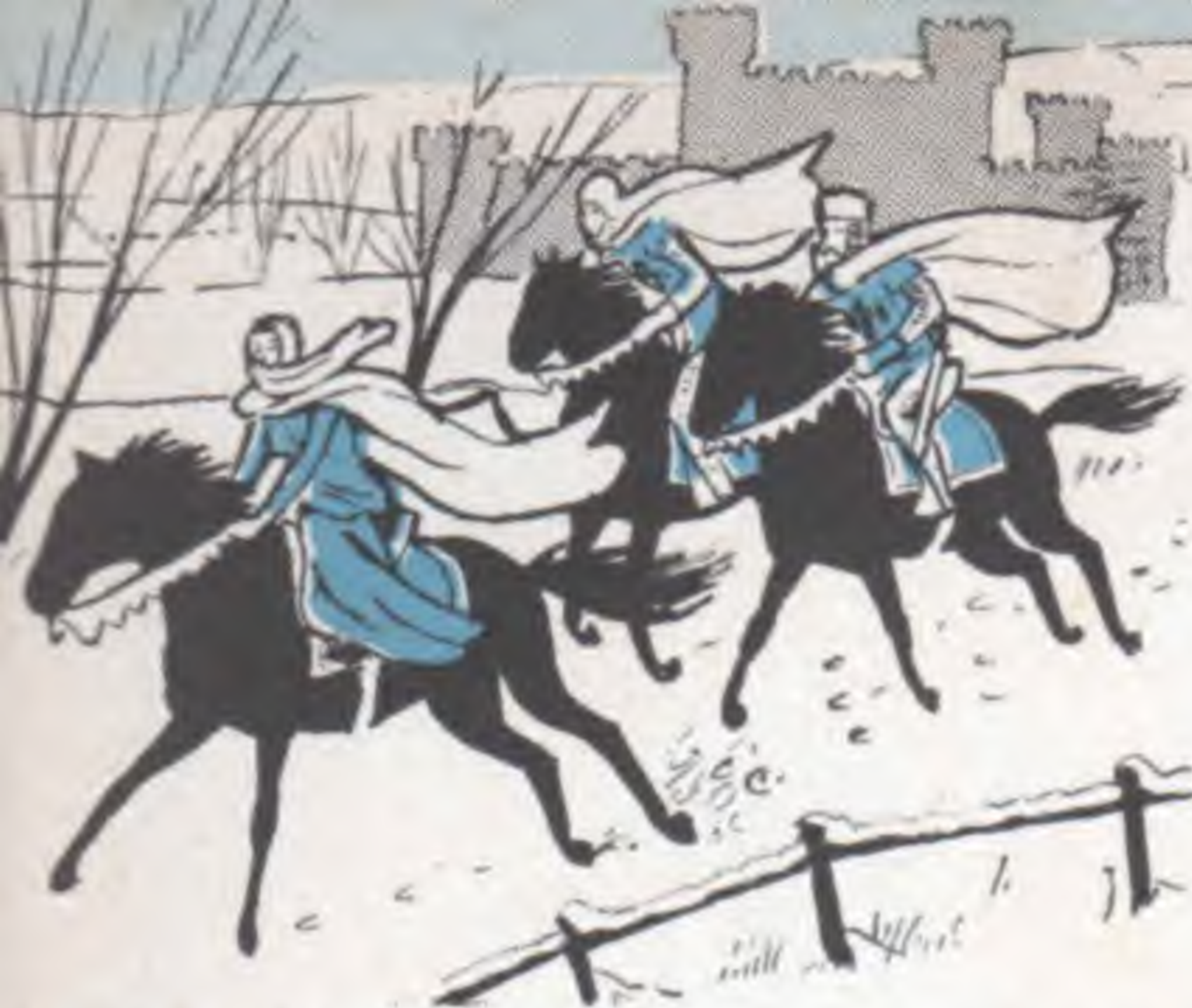
Running for his Life

When John Colter was captured by a fierce tribe of Blackfeet Indians, he was given the chance of literally "running for his life". The Chieftain told him that he was free to escape—if he could!

Colter faced the almost impossible task of running some six miles to the Madison River where he just *might* be able to swim to safety, followed by a hundred Indians, each one eager to kill him!

Colter completed this amazing race with torn and bleeding feet, but he escaped with his life, although he still had over two hundred miles to travel before he reached civilisation again.





Queen Matilda

Besieged in Oxford Castle in the year 1142, with food supplies running low, Queen Matilda decided to try to escape to Wallingford before her cousin Stephen attacked the castle.

Snow was falling and Matilda was quick to take advantage of this. She ordered all her party to wear white, and she herself wore a long white robe as she dropped down the wall ladder. Her clever ruse succeeded, for they travelled in safety, completely undetected by Stephen's watchful soldiers, their clothing mingling into the snowy background perfectly.

Later, Matilda was able to sign a treaty with Stephen which gave England's throne to her son Henry on Stephen's death.



Tower of London

Very few people have escaped from the Tower of London, but one person who did so was Lord Nithsdale, who was due to be executed for his part in the 1715 rebellion.

On the evening before his execution, his wife, Lady Winifred, visited her husband, accompanied by two women friends. But when it was time to leave, *four* ladies left the Tower, one of them heavily veiled and weeping bitterly into a large handkerchief.

The stranger was in fact Lord Nithsdale, disguised in women's clothing, who successfully passed the guards, due to the brave scheme of his wife.

For a few days he was housed in a small room opposite the Tower, and then, disguised as a member of the staff of the Venetian ambassador, he boarded a fishing boat to France.



Bonnie Prince Charlie

After the tragic battle of Culloden, Bonnie Prince Charlie, with a price on his head, escaped over the sea to Skye, with the help of Flora Macdonald. She persuaded him to dress as an Irish spinning maid called Betty Burke, but the Prince also insisted on carrying a large stick!

They were about to land at Waternish when they heard shots, so they went further on, first to Kilbride, and then to Portree, and finally Charles Edward Stuart boarded a ship for Rothsay which was to take him on the first stage of his journey back to France.



American Civil War

During the American Civil War, sixteen-year-old Thomas Henry Tibbles was captured by the Border Ruffians, part of the Confederate Army, and condemned to death the following day.

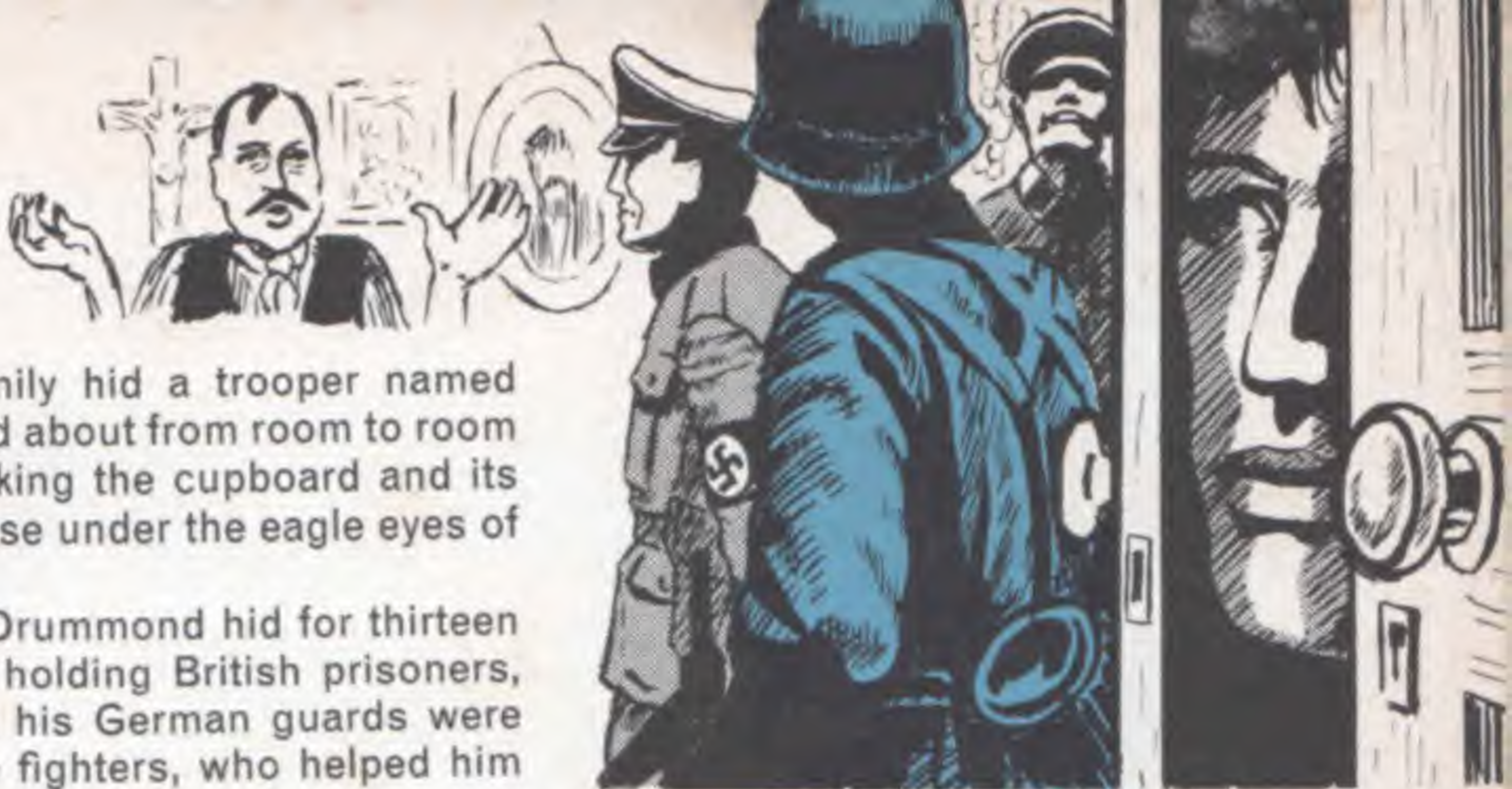
But that night he cut his way out of his prison tent with a knife which he had concealed upon his person, overpowered the one guard outside the tent and seized his rifle. With this he actually took the enemy Colonel prisoner, and guarded him until someone in authority arrived to take charge.

Cubby Holes

During the two World Wars a cupboard proved a safe hiding place for at least two British soldiers.

In the First World War, a French family hid a trooper named Fowler in a cupboard, moving the cupboard about from room to room when the Germans came, and actually taking the cupboard and its occupant with them when they moved house under the eagle eyes of the German soldiers who were watching.

During World War II, Anthony Deane-Drummond hid for thirteen days in a cupboard in a house used for holding British prisoners, before climbing out of the window when his German guards were asleep, then he contacted the Resistance fighters, who helped him to return to England.



Wooden Horse

In 1943, two British officers, Eric Williams and Michael Codner, escaped with a third companion, Oliver Philpot, from the notorious German prison camp *Stalag-Luft III* by making a wooden vaulting horse. They got the idea from the famous siege of Troy. As the other prisoners vaulted over the horse each day, underneath, the two men took it in turns to dig a tunnel which finally led them outside the barbed wire of the grim prison.



Houdini

Harry Houdini escaped from every possible form of restraint, just to prove that he could do so!

His real name was Ehrich Weiss, and he was the son of a Budapest Rabbi, but he took his stage name from a famous French magician called Houdin whom he greatly admired.

Starting life as a trapeze artiste, Houdini quickly became famous for his wonderful escaping tricks. He could free himself from tight ropes, locked handcuffs, cupboards boarded up with strong nails, and even escaped when chained up and thrown in the water.

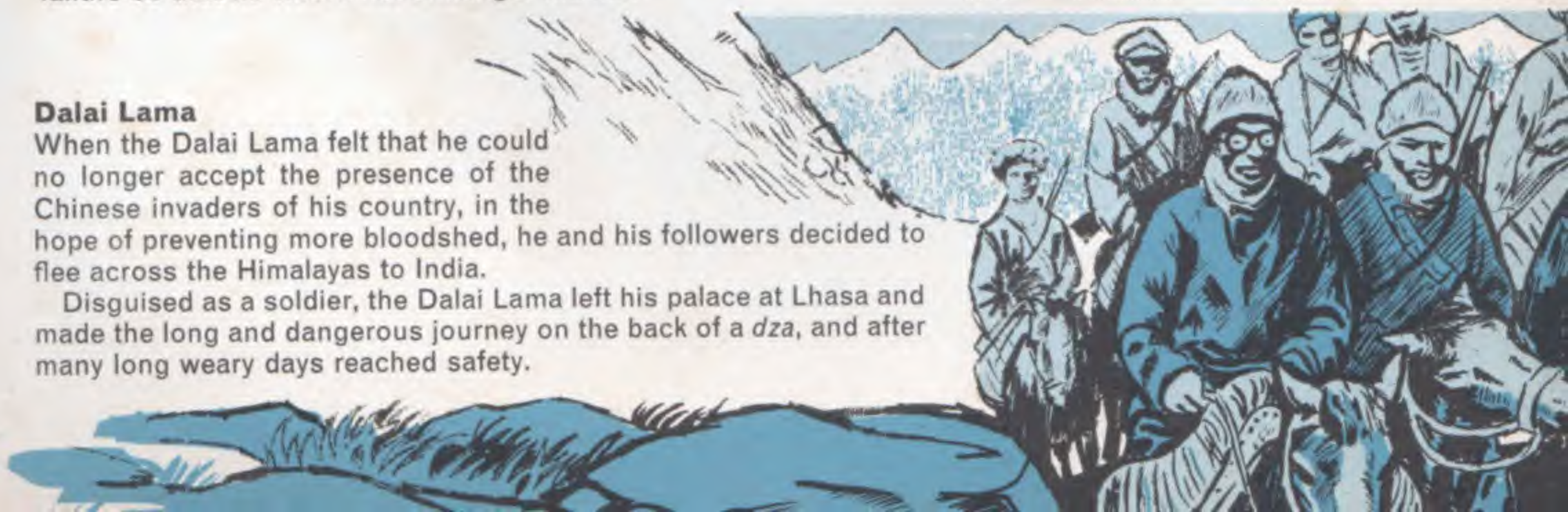
But he never claimed any supernatural powers, maintaining that he was able to perform these amazing feats because he studied his subject very carefully, and took every known precaution to prevent failure so that he would not endanger his life.



Dalai Lama

When the Dalai Lama felt that he could no longer accept the presence of the Chinese invaders of his country, in the hope of preventing more bloodshed, he and his followers decided to flee across the Himalayas to India.

Disguised as a soldier, the Dalai Lama left his palace at Lhasa and made the long and dangerous journey on the back of a *dza*, and after many long weary days reached safety.



THE AMUSEMENT PIER AFFAIR

Act I

The night was wet and cold, and Napoleon Solo pulled the collar of his neat, knee-length raincoat closer about his neck, as he turned from the bleak sea-front into the gloom of the amusement pier. The wind blew hard, and the famous Man from UNCLE shrugged his shoulders to counter a chilling shiver.

Napoleon could still just pick out, not thirty yards ahead, the dark, shadowy form; he stayed close enough to keep it in view. It was midnight, and the amusement pier—gay, noisy, and thronged with holidaymakers just four hours before—was now quiet, dark and empty.

The sound of the waves breaking on to the shingle beach below added to the eeriness of the situation as Napoleon stalked the figure. The pier stretched far into the gloom, but the figure walked with purpose, and was soon close to the under-shelter amusement arcade, with its banks of slot machines standing in line like sentries, and its variety of stalls and funfair attractions. Napoleon kept his distance, hugging the side railings of the pier, treading carefully along the boarded walkway, anxious to make no sound, and to remain unseen.

The figure stepped without hesitation through the short alleyway and into the amusement arcade, out of sight of Napoleon for the first time in half an hour. Napoleon, determined to keep with his prey, shortened the distance, ran lightly through the alleyway and into the arcade. He peered into the gloom. For a moment, he could see nothing of the fleeing

figure. Then he caught a movement to the right, and saw a shadowy form disappear round a corner. He lengthened his stride, rounded the corner and then pulled back briskly.

The Man from UNCLE eased himself against the wall and peered hard through the darkness, a darkness relieved only by the occasional pilot

lights which were positioned at strategic points throughout the arcade. He was intrigued and baffled by the sight he saw. The figure had stopped in front of the Ghost Train ride, and was now climbing into the nearest carriage. Immediately, the Ghost Train came to life, and with a clanging, clatter and squeak, the





rail-mounted carriages, with the figure sitting motionless at the front, moved off. In an instant, the five-carriage Ghost Train had lumbered along across the front of the stand and was out of sight.

The sound of wheels on rails faded, and then there was silence. The concealed Man from UNCLE waited.

Perhaps he should have jumped on to the end carriage of the train to keep his prey in sight? How would he know where the figure had gone? There was no time for further speculation or recrimination. The faint rumble heralded the return of the Ghost Train. The noise increased, until the train, having completed its usual circuit, emerged through a rubberised door and came into Napoleon's view once more.

The Man from UNCLE's gaze moved rapidly from one carriage to the next, as the train came into view. It wasn't easy to see through the gloom, but he half expected the sight which greeted him, and he knew then, for certain, that he had made an error of judgement in not scrambling aboard the train, as it had disappeared out of view with the shadowy passenger in the front seat. For now, not only the front seat, but the entire train, was—or looked—empty.

His first instinct was to leap forward, but his UNCLE training held him back. What if there were figures crouched down out of sight, waiting for him to move within distance? He approached cautiously, and only after he had looked carefully into the first and second carriages, was he conscious of something behind him. It was difficult to define—just the sensation of something, or somebody, being present. By the time he had half turned, and even as his head began to move instinctively away, he could see, out of the corner of his eyes, the assailant's swinging right arm. A blow came down savagely on the side of his neck, and Napoleon crumpled.

But at this moment, his thoughts were only for the shadowy figure which had disappeared on the Ghost Train. For very good reason. As the train had moved slowly away, the faint glow from a nearby pilot light had just been sufficient to illuminate, fleetingly, the features of the occupant. It was UNCLE's other famous agent . . . *Illya Kuryakin*!

Act II

For months UNCLE boss Alexander Waverly had been plagued by THRUSH's latest move. It had taken some time for the shrewd and

Long ago, the Roman gladiators each entered the arena armed in a different way. One wore a vizor to protect his face and fought with sword and shield, while his opponent used an ugly looking trident and tripping net.

extremely intelligent head of the world-wide law enforcement organisation to discover this latest device for usurping UNCLE's superiority. THRUSH had worked cleverly and quietly, and only slowly did it dawn on Waverly that a number of his agents were behaving oddly.

"It's like they're under some form of hypnosis," commented Illya Kuryakin.

"Precisely," commented the UNCLE boss. "But we've put one or two of them through the usual screening process, and they were given a clearance."

"De-conditioning?" queried Napoleon Solo.

"The same result," answered Mr. Waverly. "It has no effect."

Within the electronic powerhouse that was UNCLE's New York headquarters, the famous trio had pondered on some solution. The affected men were obviously under the control of THRUSH in some mysterious way, and were certain to be feeding back vital information to them. Those affected had been removed temporarily from duty, but this was not easy. The outward signs were not obvious, and those agents under suspicion had to be watched closely for hours, and sometimes days, before they revealed themselves as having been conditioned by THRUSH. And who was to say that those assigned to tailing a suspect were not under THRUSH's influence themselves?

It was a tough situation, needing instant action. That's why Illya had offered himself as a decoy. While going about his normal duties, he had subtly exposed himself to THRUSH

influence, and the crime organisation had been only too happy to think they had trapped half of UNCLE's top outside partnership in such a way.

What they didn't know was that UNCLE were on to their latest move, and that Napoleon Solo had been assigned to tail his colleague.

Or did they?

At first, the thought hadn't occurred to Mr. Waverly. Napoleon had reported progress at regular intervals through his personal communicator. All seemed to be going so well with the carefully laid UNCLE plans when Napoleon had reported last, prior to moving on to the pier. Since then, there had been silence, and Mr. Waverly was becoming increasingly concerned.

He turned to one of UNCLE's smart girls at headquarters. "See if you can get any location fix on Mr. Solo," he ordered.

The giant computer complex flashed with electronic movement. The girl read off a set of co-ordinates from the machine, and checked them on a wall map. "He's still on the West Pier, sir."

Mr. Waverly nodded his thanks. "I'll wait just a little longer," he muttered to himself.

Act III

Napoleon Solo, Man from UNCLE, woke to a stabbing pain in the back of his neck and a dim view of a small bare room; his view cleared as he pulled himself to full consciousness.

"Illya . . ." There was no response. "Illya . . ." This time the call was louder, but remained unanswered. The fair-haired agent seemed not to be in any adjoining room either. Napoleon concluded that Illya, already under THRUSH's control, wouldn't have been much use to him, anyway. He was in this, for the moment at any rate, on his own. It all depended on *him*.

He moved towards the door, then stopped. It was bound to be connected to some alarm system. How about the small, skylight window? Better . . . and Napoleon moved towards it, but he stopped again as his ever-alert gaze swept over a stretch of skirting, part of which looked a little different from the rest.

He moved over to it, bent down carefully, and examined it with a skilled and penetrating gaze. He put his right hand to it, and felt a little movement. He applied slight pressure, first at one part and then another, with the tips of his fingers. He worked methodically and expertly around the skirting, and when he pressed at the top right hand corner, there was a soft *click*, followed by a familiar electronic, low-pitched drone. Napoleon smiled as he turned and saw a section of the wall behind him gliding smoothly to one side, revealing a thickly carpeted corridor.

He sprang through and edged his way along, keeping well in to the wall. He realised there was a good chance that the corridor would be

under closed-circuit TV scrutiny, but there was just the chance that if he kept well to the side, he would escape the vision-field of the TV camera. It was a chance he had to take, and he made progress swiftly along the corridor, just in case.

Just ahead, the corridor turned through ninety degrees, and Napoleon rounded it briskly, only to dodge back again. A couple of THRUSH thugs were thrusting their way down the corridor towards him. A bullet twanged against the wall by Napoleon's side. He gave it but a casual glance, as he deftly pulled a pouche from his pocket and extracted a small oval capsule.



As the THRUSH agents hurtled round the corner towards him, he flung the capsule hard down on the floor immediately in front of them. At the same time, he covered his own mouth and nose with the pouche. As he did so, the corridor filled with white, vaporised gas, and the two thugs from THRUSH coughed and spluttered, clawing at their noses, mouths and watering eyes. In two seconds, they were sliding down to the floor. Napoleon gave a neat blow to the side of the head of first one, and then the other. "That should help them on their way," he said to himself, as they slithered into a heap at his feet; he stepped over them and



advanced once more down the corridor.

But more trouble was on the way. Napoleon had advanced no more than another thirty yards when there was a movement above. As Napoleon looked up, a heavy figure dropped on to his shoulders, and the two of them crashed to the floor. Despite the surprise attack, Napoleon was on his feet first and chopped a blow to his attacker's face. As his attacker moved to pull an automatic from his pocket, Napoleon swung his right leg, high and accurately, and the gun spun away from the THRUSH agent's grasp as Napoleon's right foot crunched into the hand.

The Man from UNCLE dived for the gun, got a firm hold, and pointed it menacingly at an advancing enemy. "Hold it, my friend," warned Napoleon, regaining his feet, and smoothing down his ruffled hair with his free hand.

"Take me to Illya..." Napoleon's command fizzled out, as he saw a smirk spread over his adversary's face and then felt the gun prod hard into his back.

"There's no need for that," said a calm voice behind him. "I'll take you myself to your friend Mr. Kuryakin." The thick carpeting had deadened the noise of a second THRUSH agent's advance down the corridor, and Napoleon was trapped once more.

Within seconds, Napoleon was in a large room with a dozen or more THRUSH agents, one of whom was one of the organisation's top men. Within the group stood Illya, still with that fixed expression. He saw Napoleon, but not a flicker of recognition was there in response. Indeed, he helped the THRUSH gang to prepare Napoleon for indoctrination.

"It's fortunate indeed that we have both top UNCLE agents with us," said the head man, with a sneer. He smiled, and a cynical smirk spread over his face. "We can eliminate the preliminary conditioning phase with Mr. Solo, as he has walked, voluntarily, into our special camp. We can give him the deep treatment right away. Kuryakin can come later."

The voice was cultured, but it had

an evil calmness which foreboded ill for Napoleon. The Man from UNCLE swung his gaze around the room, but the panelled walls offered little hope. Illya was ineffective, not a glimpse of recognition showing on his face as he looked across at his colleague. Dominating the room, over on the right, was a large console of switches and panel lights, the facia of some electronic complex.

Facing the gleaming panel was an empty chair, and immediately, Napoleon realised that it was in that chair that men had their minds changed, through a series of electronic impulses which put a man's mind completely at the disposal of THRUSH, so that he carried out their commands unflinchingly.

As, on a nod from the top agent, three of the thugs moved towards Napoleon, the Man from UNCLE fully realised the danger he faced. He must act now. He had tried this move before, but never had he executed it with such speed or precision. As the man on the right moved in, Napoleon dodged back quickly, springing behind him, at the same time heaving the man's jacket down from his shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides. He then gave him a tremendous push, flinging him headlong so that he crashed into the advancing second agent.

It was a brave attempt, but Napoleon was outnumbered. The fist came at him from the third agent before he had time to dodge out of range, and he was spun round. The remainder of the gang bore down on him, and although he rammed home a beautiful right cross to the chin and a deep drive to the solar plexus, his spirited battle was soon over.

The irony of it was that Illya made no move to help Napoleon. He continued to stand there, motionless.

Napoleon was dragged over to the chair and fiercely shoved into it. He immediately started to get up, but thrusting hands flung him back into the seat. Then the strong arm of THRUSH was no longer required, for Napoleon was held tightly to the chair by a beam from the electronic panel which faced him. He was powerless, and although his mind was still clear and under his control, he

was physically incapable of further resistance.

Napoleon looked across at Illya, Illya stared back. Time was running out. Napoleon's brain raced to find some solution, but with Illya seemingly incapable of offering any help, and he himself physically immobile, what hope was there?

Then it happened. So rapidly. Illya galvanised into explosive action. He flung himself at the electronic panel, threw the switch which re-

leased the impulses holding Napoleon captive, and then rammed further switches in opposite positions. The whole room was plunged into darkness.

"What are you waiting for? Follow me!" Napoleon heard Illya's whispered words clearly, and the two men were soon out of the room and moving down a short corridor. "Hold it," instructed Illya. "In here." While issuing his commands, Illya had moved into a slight recess in the corridor. As he did so, the familiar electronic drone was audible. Illya took a step forward, and the wall in front of him moved aside, to reveal the inside of an elevator.

The two men stepped quickly inside, and almost before they had cleared the panelling, the cage moved upwards and the wall swung back to its normal position.

The twinkle was back in Illya's eyes now, and he teased Napoleon. "You didn't seem to be making much progress in getting us out of that tough spot, so I thought I had better do something."

Napoleon countered: "I don't like you always to depend on me. I was giving you the chance to show your paces."

The two ace agents smiled at each other as the elevator conveyed them rapidly to the surface. They stepped out and waited a moment or two.

"Waiting for a bus?" muttered Napoleon sarcastically.

"Not exactly, Napoleon," replied Illya. "A train, more like it." His finger was already pressing a switch.

With that, there was a rumble, and the Ghost Train lumbered along. Its carriages were empty. The two agents stepped in, and the train moved off. As they stepped out of the train at the front of the Ghost Train stand, crowds were already filtering into the amusement arcade. One or two people nearby looked slightly puzzled as the well-dressed UNCLE agents stepped off the stand and into the body of the hall. Particularly as a large sign at the front pronounced *Out of Order*.

Then Napoleon and Illya stopped in their tracks. For, a few yards away, Alexander Waverly was slotting coins into a one-armed bandit. As they approached, he half turned: "Ah, gentlemen. So you made it all right, after all." With that, there was a loud jingling low down in the machine, and a wry smile crossed Waverly's face. "It seems I've won the jackpot," he said calmly.

GHOS TRAIN



Act IV

Back at UNCLE headquarters, Napoleon demanded some explanation. "Okay, Illya, so you were never under the influence of THRUSH. You simply acted that part. That I can see, but surely the primary object was to destroy the below-pier installation of THRUSH."

Mr. Waverly broke in. "That's right, Mr. Solo. Destruction of the installation was all-important. And it has been done."

Napoleon looked puzzled.

"Like this, Mr. Solo," continued Waverly. "As you tried to locate Mr. Kuryakin and effect your escape, THRUSH's attention was distracted. They watched your progress down the corridor on the monitors, and Mr. Kuryakin had to act quickly."

"It was the one chance, Napoleon," continued Illya, taking up the story. "I concealed pre-set plastic explosive within the equipment while their attention was diverted. After that, we had to move quickly, as it was timed to go off within half an hour."

Waverly took up the story now: "It was a neat move by THRUSH to position their agent-conditioning unit beneath the pier, passing it off as new

administrative offices and a maintenance base for the pier. You see, Mr. Solo, we knew about this already; we knew that the conditioning process was carried out in two stages, the preliminary phase by remote control, after which an ingenious system similar to that used for guiding missiles drew the victim to the pier like a magnet; we also knew that the victim was then guided to the 'out of order' Ghost Train and from there disappeared. We knew, finally, that it was after this that the secondary conditioning process, the really deep and permanent brainwashing, was conducted."

"And Illya was never even given preliminary conditioning," countered Napoleon, beginning to see the routine now.

"That's right, Mr. Solo," went on Waverly. "We exposed him to it, but first gave him an anti-conditioning injection. Because we knew so much about this THRUSH exercise, Mr. Kuryakin was able to follow the pattern exactly, right up to the point of getting into the Ghost Train . . . but he had to play it by ear after that. Luckily, his intuition made him make his moves exactly right . . . and you provided the diversion necessary for

him to place his explosive unseen."

"But how . . . ?"

"Like this, Mr. Solo. We had to get you down to the unit, too. We knew that the precincts of the Ghost Train would be under close surveillance, and that you would be seen. We expected you to be jumped on and taken down. It was a big risk, but we took a gamble on your coming to in time, and we've known you long enough to predict your movements from then on. We knew you'd create the disturbance necessary for Mr. Kuryakin to do his job."

"But why keep me in the dark about all this?" retorted a slightly grieved Napoleon Solo.

"It was essential," informed Waverly. "Even the slightest suspicion that there was any collusion between the two of you would have exposed the whole plot. You see, the unit was equipped with an enormous self-detonating device, which would have blown the whole pier sky-high should there have been any kind of major assault on the place. Mr. Kuryakin's explosive was of just sufficient intensity to wreck the unit without damaging the pier itself. We couldn't endanger the lives of innocent people."

"I could do with a coffee after all that," gasped Napoleon.

"Me, too," announced Illya.

As a smart girl from UNCLE headquarters came in, Mr. Waverly smiled and turned to her: "Bring some coffee and doughnuts for the three of us, and I'll pay . . . out of my winnings on the one-armed bandit!"



Odd Facts



STAMINA

PROBABLY THE GREATEST LONG DISTANCE RUNNER EVER WAS NORWEGIAN **MENSEN ERNST**. IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 18TH CENTURY HE RAN FROM **PARIS** TO **MOSCOW** IN 2 WEEKS, SWIMMING 13 RIVERS EN ROUTE AND AVERAGING 125 MILES A DAY



IN OLDEN TIMES NOBLEMEN, WHO WERE TO BE EXECUTED, WERE EXPECTED TO TIP THE AXEMAN £7 TO £10 "FOR HIS SERVICES". THIS WAS TO ENSURE A GOOD, QUICK JOB.



BIRDS HAVE HARDLY ANY SENSE OF TASTE OR SMELL.

MAN OF MANY TONGUES

PROFESSOR **RASK** (1787-1832) DANISH LINGUIST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN, COULD SPEAK **230** LANGUAGES.



DI ROSSI,

A MASTER MINIATURE CARVER OF ITALY, ONCE CARVED A CHORUS OF SAINTS ON A CHERRY STONE IN WHICH **70** HEADS CAN BE SEEN

THE CUT AND RUN AFFAIR



The circular saw whirled closer to the legs of the man tied to a wood-work table.

In a sweat of fear, Professor Zigmund averted his eyes. He gritted his teeth.

"Well, Professor?" The voice above him was ice-cold. "Are you going to tell us where the gyrospiel device is hidden?"

Zigmund was no coward. He was a robust man of middle age who had served in the Italian Navy and earned a medal for bravery. Now he was one of the key men engaged in building the top secret Polaris submarine for the United Nations Defence Force at the Trento Shipyard.

But the man who was torturing Zigmund knew the value of suspense.

He threw the saw out of gear, and let it whirr in neutral.

"If this seems a bit melodramatic, Professor, it's because I'm a believer in the old methods of persuasion."

He leaned broad, brown hands on the table, and looked down with cold, grey eyes at the helpless scientist. "THRUSH wants this gyrospiel device you have perfected for the submarine. And it's my job to get it. Now, I know you had it when you left your villa today. But it's not in your car now. Tell me where it is, and you can walk out of here a rich man. If you don't, you'll never walk anywhere again."

Through tight lips Zigmund said: "The night staff—they'll be coming on duty soon."

The other man checked his watch. "In fifty-four minutes, Professor. Now. . . ." He reached for the lever that would put the saw in gear again. "Try to remember, huh? The gyrospiel . . . ? Don't bother to think about the bleeding stumps of flesh that could be your legs!"

The glittering blade hissed into action again. At that moment, the door of the shed opened, and a big man, with a scarred face, growled a warning: "Hey, Larry! I think I heard someone snoopin' round!"

Larry threw a switch. The saw was silenced and the shed plunged in darkness. "Okay, Mike! I'll gag him, and we'll take a look."

It was getting dark outside when Larry stepped through the doorway.

The spidery shapes of the huge cranes towered overhead, slicing up the golden sky into geometrical shapes.

He looked around. "Mike!" he hissed.

No reply. He dipped into his shoulder-holster and took out his Biretta.

"Mike?"

In that vast expanse of metal shapes, and between the steel walls

A few minutes later, the scientist was crouching in the shadows outside. His rescuer leapt from the broken window and dropped to the ground with a whisper of sound. He put an iron fist round Zigmund's wrist and pointed to the gathering shadows at the foot of one of the cranes.

They ran light-footed across the concrete. Behind them, a pistol shot rang out.

Blam! The bullet hammered sparks

returned to work on the half-built ships. Sneaking a backward glance, Illya saw that his ruse was working. Both Larry and Mike were chasing him.

He dodged between two huts and sprinted for the river-side berth. It was empty.

He had sprinted half-way across, when the floodlights came on, pinning him down like a fly under a microscope.

"Hold it, UNCLE! You can't get away!"

Illya kept going. The THRUSH agents poured a withering hail of fire after him.

A ladder rose up before him. Illya swarmed up it to one of the riveters' platforms. He lay flat.

Mike was the first to reach the spot. He ran lightly for such a big man. The automatic rifle in his hands looked like a mere toy.

He prowled closer, the gun at his hip. Illya dropped on him like a ton of bricks. "Oof!" The THRUSH thug hit the concrete with a thud. Yet the brute instinct in him reacted like lightning. A massive paw grabbed Illya by the throat. He felt his senses begin to slip away, and sliced a karate blow at his enemy's bull neck.

Slowly, the strangle-hold weakened. Illya heaved away the limp arm. He sprang to his feet and grabbed up the rifle.

He began to hunt for the second THRUSH agent. But Larry seemed to have vanished. He found Zigmund, however. The scientist was stealing towards his car.

Seeing his rescuer, he stopped. "Mr. Kuryakin! I was afraid they'd got you . . . all that shooting!"

Illya shrugged. "One got away," he said tersely. "But THRUSH won't give up . . . ! We've got to get your gyrospiel out of their reach."

Zigmund nodded. "I was a fool to take it out of the shipyard safe," he admitted. "But I wanted to make a final adjustment. It was only after I left the villa that I realised I was being followed. I had to think fast. I decided to stop and hide the gyrospiel."

"You hid it?" echoed Illya.

Zigmund opened the door of his car and motioned the agent inside.



of half a dozen new ships, the sound of his voice rang emptily. Today all the workers in the shipyard were celebrating a *festa*.

"You there, Mike?"

A faint groan reached him from a nearby compound. Larry went towards it, his gun ready.

Inside the shed, a sudden tinkle of broken glass. A sack was thrown over the jagged edges, and a slim young man with blond hair slid inside. As he cut Zigmund free, he whispered: "Don't make a sound! Hop through that window fast, and wait for me outside!"

from the metal struts of the crane. Zigmund was flat on the ground. The other hissed into his ear: "I'm Illya Kuryakin from UNCLE! I want you to do two things—lie low here until I draw these vultures away. Then get hold of this gyrospiel of yours, and get it away from here. Okay?"

There was a scutter of running feet. Illya came upright like a coiled spring. The gun in his right hand pumped a hail of defiance. He ran like a gazelle, swerving left and right.

Blam! Blam! The deserted shipyard came to life, as if the riveters had

"I'll show you," he said. "I left it in an antique shop in Dipopi."

A few moments later, they were driving fast along the coast road. The scientist allowed himself a somewhat smug smile. "It's in a safe place, Mr. Kuryakin. Nobody would ever think of looking there!"

They swept up a hill into the narrow, twisting streets of the old town of Dipopi. It was then that Illya noticed something glistening under

"Keep behind me," warned Illya, as he moved away. "I think we'll find THRUSH shopping around!"

They turned the corner into the main street. People were strolling under the street lights. Zigmund nudged the agent, and pointed ahead to the dignified shop-window, standing aloof beneath a Doric arch.

Illya had taken half a dozen steps towards it, when he saw something that made him break into a run.



the instrument panel. "Pull in!" he said crisply.

Zigmund braked hard. Carefully, the agent detached a small, round metal object which had been taped to the dashboard. He flung it through the window. "Your car was bugged, Professor," he said. "It's a good job you didn't say exactly where you'd hidden the gyrospiel. Come on!"

They stepped out of the car. Illya reached for his gun. "Where's this antique shop?" he asked.

Zigmund motioned. "Round the next corner."

"Come on!" he rapped. "It's THRUSH—they're loading stuff into a car!"

The sudden rattle of running feet warned the THRUSH agents that they had been discovered. Gunfire filled the quiet street, sending the strollers diving for cover.

Two men hurled themselves from the shop into a black Maserati. The car snarled away, swaying dangerously as one of Illya's shots splintered the rear window.

Illya said grimly: "Let's go and see if they discovered your hiding place, Professor."

The shop was a shambles. Voices yelled for help from a back room, and the agent smashed the lock to release a trembling proprietor and his assistant.

Zigmund, meanwhile, had been darting about the shop, staring wildly from shelf to shelf. With a cry of dismay, he grabbed Illya's arm: "It's not here! It was a big silver statuette of a horseman—and it was hollow! The gyrospiel just fitted into it."

Illya shrugged. "They must have grabbed it," he said resignedly. "They probably took everything in the shop that could be used as a hiding-place!"

The proprietor shook his head. "No, they did *not* take the statuette!" he exclaimed. He turned to Zigmund. "After you were in here today, Professor, a gentleman from Sienna came in. He wished to buy the statuette as the trophy for the Palio. He paid a good price, and took it away with him for the race tomorrow. I did not know you had hidden something in it. . . ."

"The Palio?" Illya was frowning, as he tried to recall the name. "Isn't that a horse race around the town square in the city of Sienna?"

Zigmund nodded. "It dates back to medieval times, and the jockeys wear rich silk colours."

"And it's raced tomorrow, eh?" mused Illya. "That gives us a fair chance to get back the gyrospiel—if we can beat THRUSH to the punch!"

Twenty minutes later they were speeding north down the Strada Altamura. They drove all night. Illya doubled back on his tracks several times, to make sure they were not being tailed. Yet he could not shake off the feeling of being watched.

They reached the lovely city of Sienna early next morning. On the outskirts they stopped to ask the way from a cheerful, early-rising farmer. He turned out to be a wealthy landowner, and he invited the travellers to take coffee and rolls at his fine house.

As they ate, the farmer—whose name was Alberto—told them that he had entered a horse for the Palio. But his jockey had cried off at the last minute. "Mind you, I do not blame him!" laughed Alberto. "The Palio is no ordinary horse race. There are

THE WOODEN HORSE

In World War II, Eric Williams and two companions escaped from *Stalag-Luft III* in Germany by constructing a wooden vaulting horse, over which other prisoners jumped, in full view of the Germans, while a tunnel was built below the horse, which passed through the wire fence to freedom.

no rules—so it is as tough as the riders like to make it! You may try to swerve your horse, and knock your opponent off his mount! There is kicking and pushing and pulling. Oh, Mamma Mia! It is a wonder that anyone wins the trophy!”

“The trophy! Yes,” said Illya, rising to his feet. “It’s time we saw the race officials about that, Professor.”

Thanking their host, they got back into the car and drove to the centre of Sienna. It was not possible to park

near the huge square where the race was being run. Already the polizia had moved in, to prepare for the dense crowds that would shortly pack the town centre to watch—or try to watch—the centuries-old race. The crush-barriers were up, the ancient banners were being raised, and the platform on which the winner would receive the coveted trophy from the Presidente.

Professor Zigmund and Illya talked their way past half a dozen suspicious policemen, and as many hostile race officials, to speak to the Presidente.

Illya explained their mission. He produced his UNCLE identity card. Zigmund produced his credentials. But the Presidente remained unimpressed.

“Impossible, gentlemen!” he snapped. “You may *not* examine the silver statuette before the race. It is in my safe, which has a time-lock on it. The door will open only at the end of the Palio! Then the trophy will be handed to the winner!”

It was no good arguing. Illya turned to leave the palazzio. He brushed past a guard and stepped out of the door. He was just in time to see a janitor carrying a bucket and mop. The man was walking down the

ornate corridor—but just a *bit* too fast, thought the agent.

“Hey you!” he snapped.

The janitor dropped his bucket, glanced over his shoulder—and fled. Illya sprinted after him, but round the bend, his way was blocked by workmen shifting furniture.

“Who was it?” asked Zigmund, catching up.

“It was the man who was trying to slice off your legs at the shipyard,” said the agent. “The fish-eyed character called Larry.”

“He was listening as we spoke to the Presidente?” queried Zigmund.

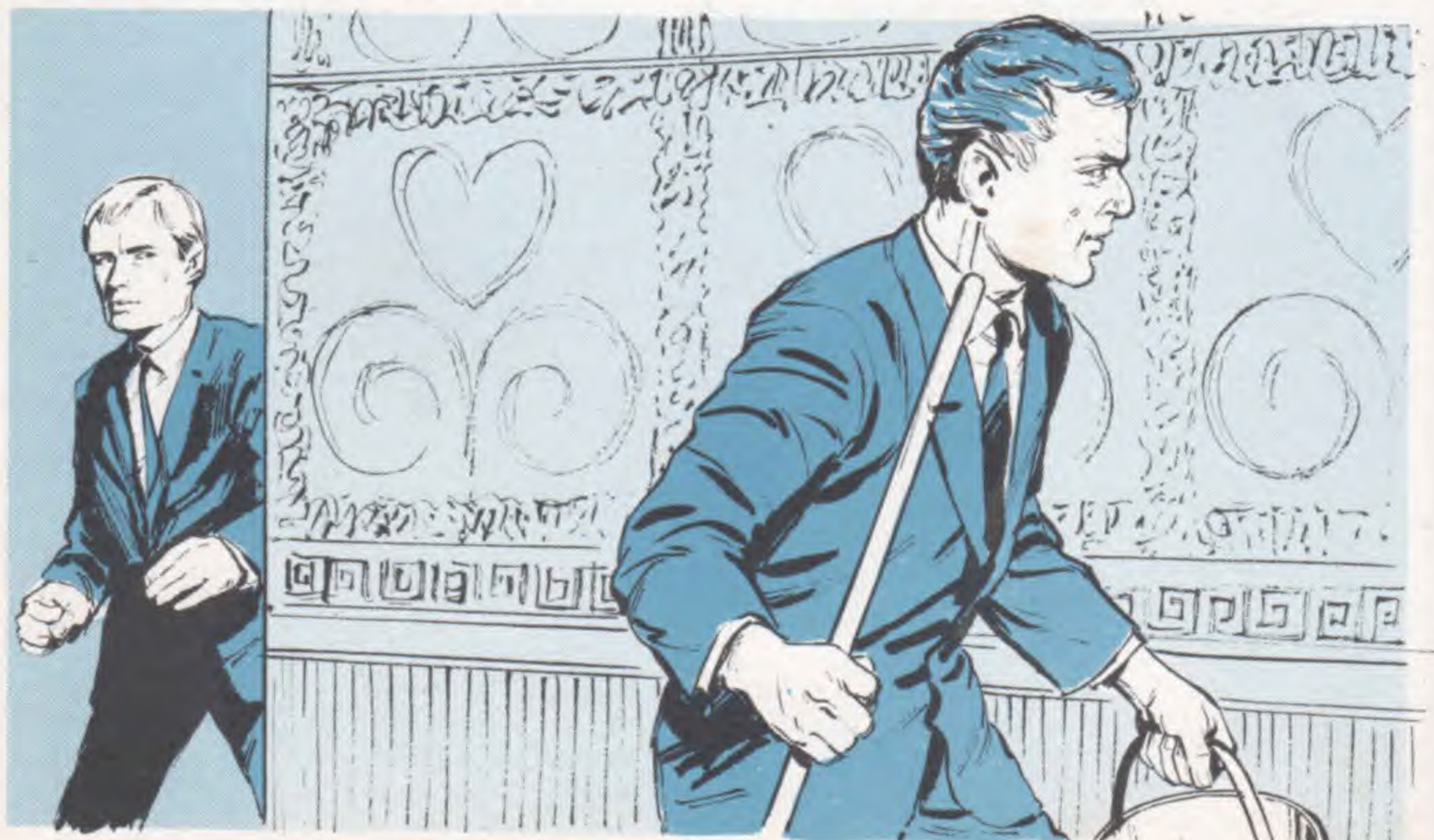
Illya nodded grimly. “He knows it all now—just where to lay his hands on the gyrospiel!”

The Professor drooped visibly. “Oh, this is awful! All my fault!” he groaned. “What can we do?”

Illya looked thoughtful. “Well, it’s a long time since I rode a race-horse—but maybe Signor Alberto will give me a chance,” he mused.

The scientist stared. “You would ride in the Palio?”

“Why not?” returned the agent. “The way Alberto describes it, there’s not much skill needed! Besides, *if* I win, I get the trophy and *you* get the gyrospiel.”





They drove back to the house of their farmer host. He seemed to be delighted at Illya's offer to ride for him in the Palio. "Bravo!" he applauded. "But you will need a strong hand to control my horse, Vivaldi!"

It was only when he saw his mount, a fiery, black thoroughbred with a flame of devilment in its restless eyes, that Illya began to have misgiving about his plan.

"I guess I'd better just give this horse its head," he pondered. "Hang on and hope for the best. But y'know, Professor, I think we could use a bit of help *after* the race is over. That square is going to be a swell place for THRUSH to snatch the trophy—and the gyrospiel!"

Zigmund placed a fatherly hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Leave that to me, Mr. Kuryakin!" he said firmly. "Just concentrate on winning the Palio!"

The sun beat down upon a scene of

hot colour and blazing excitement. The sweating, shifting, shouting crowd waited impatiently for the race, and gave a vast roar as the silvery trumpets heralded the approach of the contestants.

The score or so riders wore gorgeous medieval costumes, slashed with crimsons, yellows, blues and golds.

Illya had little time to look around him. He was having a hard time keeping his mettlesome mount from plunging away.

But at the starting line, as Vivaldi settled down in the company of the other horses, Illya looked around—and got a shock! Two mounts away from him, he spotted the THRUSH agent, Larry, riding a big, powerful grey.

"So that's it!" thought the UNCLE agent. "They'll try and win the trophy by fair means. And if they fail—well, there's the old cut-and-run routine!"

The starting trumpet blared. A great roar rose from the crowd as the riders surged forward *en masse*.

They bore away round the circle, their flying hooves striking sparks from the cobblestones. One horse lurched and fell. A jockey in the lead turned and slashed at his pursuers with a riding-whip.

"Ho hum! We'd better get going, Vivaldi!" hissed Illya, bending low over the horse's flying mane. "And remind me not to say 'excuse me' when I shove!"

Shove he certainly did. Illya could see that all the jockeys were expert at the sly kick, the sharp elbow, and the stray fist.

He played it their way—and fiery Vivaldi backed him up beautifully. A swarthy rider, finding Illya overtaking him, lashed out with a vicious side-hander. Illya ducked the blow, and his horse sped past.

Now Illya found himself neck-and-neck with Larry. Ahead lay the



finishing line. The THRUSH agent tried desperately to swerve his steed into Illya's. But, light as a feather, Vivaldi sidestepped the attack. The big grey went staggering—and Illya sped on to win the race.

It was a tremendous moment. The crowd went wild, and Illya dismounted, to find himself the centre of a crowd of beaming officials.

As he was ushered on to the platform to receive the trophy, he heard the sound of a helicopter.

At first, he thought THRUSH was swinging into action to grab the statuette. Then, to his amazement, he spotted Zigmund waving at him from the helicopter.

The Presidente pressed the trophy into Illya's hands. It was but a moment's work to check that the gyrospiel was still hidden inside it. Then, as the Presidente launched into a thundering, arm-waving speech, the helicopter drifted lower—and a rope-ladder snaked down. Illya caught it and began to climb.

An unbelieving hush descended on the crowd as the victorious jockey was winched upwards out of sight.

But inside the helicopter, as it whisked him back to the shipyard, Illya leaned back limply. "Phew!" he breathed. "I'll be glad to get back to the quiet life of an agent. A jockey's life is too dangerous for me!"



SAND STORM FOR ILLYA...

NAP HAND FOR NAPOLEON AFFAIR



Act I

It was an island paradise—deep blue sea, warm golden sand, a cloudless sky. Illya Kuryakin, famous UNCLE agent, adjusted his sunglasses, and fastened a button on his open-necked sports shirt. From the breast pocket, he withdrew his pencil-slim personal communicator:

"Open Channel D, please." There was a moment or two of silence.

"Yes, Mr. Kuryakin. Please go ahead. Report progress." In contrast to Illya's calm, quiet and idyllic surroundings, the bustle and electronic activity of UNCLE's headquarters was marked. But the law-enforcement organisation's clever and shrewd boss, Alexander Waverly, remained solidly down-to-earth in spite of the mass of sophisticated, advanced equipment.

"All fine so far, sir. The island appears deserted, apart from the bungalow staff, but the party isn't due to arrive for another half hour."

"Good, Mr. Kuryakin. You know the drill. Stick to the plan closely, and don't take any chances. You should be receiving company in just about twenty-five minutes."

Mr. Waverly closed down the channel and turned to his attractive female assistant. "Mr. Kuryakin will report again in twenty-four minutes precisely. After that, there should be a further report every ten minutes. Only in an extreme emergency should you call him. He has plenty to do, but make sure that the Channel is open and that it is manned constantly."

"Yes, sir."

THRUSH's latest blackmail policy was paying off too often for comfort, and Mr. Waverly had not tried to hide his concern. As he had explained a month ago to UNCLE's top agents, Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin: 'If this goes on, it could be very serious. THRUSH's plan is to abduct daughters and wives of famous men



carefully selected for their knowledge of advanced technology, and to hold them captive, and threaten them with violence, disfigurement and even death unless certain secrets and formulae were revealed."

The abductions had been planned with careful thought and cunning expertise, and Mr. Waverly was thankful when at last UNCLE got a clue. "It seems, Mr. Solo," he had said, "that our primary objective must be to look into these lavish island parties held by Mark Reid. Three of the girls who have disappeared had been to parties given by, or attended by, Mark Reid."

"Isn't he the millionaire playboy?" asked Illya.

"That's right, Mr. Kuryakin."

From then on, UNCLE's top agents had worked with Mr. Waverly in devising a clever anti-THRUSH trap, which was now being carefully put into action. Mark Reid had made no secret of his forthcoming lavish party, to take place on the sun-drenched island off the North African coastline. It was to be his biggest money-spender yet, with champagne and expensive food for over 300 VIP guests.

Illya and Napoleon had been despatched to the area in an effort to uncover any THRUSH plot which the party might be intended to conceal. Illya had been taken to the island well ahead of the party-goers, while Napoleon had cleverly arranged to have himself invited as Bill Saxton, an important American advertising executive on an extended holiday doing the Mediterranean and Middle East tour.

At UNCLE headquarters Mr. Waverly checked on the arrangements. He again examined every minute detail, and assured himself that the bait had been well set. But would THRUSH bite?

He walked back to the control from which he had first contacted Illya, stationed on the island. His female assistant looked worried. "I was about to contact you, sir," she said. "Mr. Kuryakin is overdue with his report. He should have checked with us six minutes ago."

Mr. Waverly frowned. "Open Channel D for me," he instructed.

There was a moment's pause, then: "Mr. Kuryakin, Mr. Kuryakin. Please report your whereabouts."

There was no reply. Mr. Waverly repeated his message, but had he known the true situation, he wouldn't have bothered. Far away, on the small island, the message was getting through all right, and Mr. Waverly's voice was clear enough. But Illya's personal communicator lay abandoned in the sand, close to some small rocks. Of Illya, there was no sign, but the sand close by was roughed up, and it would have been obvious to Mr. Waverly, could he have seen the area, that Illya had put up a tremendous struggle, before finally submitting to the force which had overwhelmed him.

Act II

Illya regained consciousness, and the events leading up to his capture came crowding back. Having been in touch with UNCLE headquarters, he went to replace his personal communicator, but before it reached his pocket, he sensed a movement behind him. His evading action was swift, but the fraction of a second advantage which the leaping figure had was all-

JACK SHEPPARD

a notorious 18th-century highwayman, escaped three times from Newgate Prison ... despite the fact that the last time he was in the strongest room in the prison, and chained to the floor!

important. The dark form sprang from behind the nearby rocks, and strong arms fastened about the Man from UNCLE. Illya fought desperately, but the small pad was held tightly to his mouth and nose. He struggled, shooting his right heel out backwards, in the hope of making contact with a shin. His personal communicator spun from his hand and dropped into the warm, soft sand.

But still the pad remained tightly about his face, and he could feel his fury ebbing. Finally, he slumped



forward and collapsed. The burly opponent gave a grunt of triumph, and the beach became once more quiet and calm. Illya was dragged off, loaded into a station wagon which had been parked on the road some distance behind the rocks, and taken to the luxury ranch-type bungalow set up on a small hill. The bungalow was buzzing with intense activity, as servants laid out tables, prepared food and drink, and made ready generally for the mammoth party about to be held there.

Illya's captors bundled the Man from UNCLE into the large bungalow through a side entrance, and a couple of gardeners, the only witnesses to this strange event, paid little heed as the unconscious Illya was bundled inside.

The whole incident had taken less than fifteen minutes, and within a further fifteen minutes, the island became alive with carefree, happy party guests intent on having a good time. "Come on," shouted the debonair Mark Reid, as launch after launch deposited clusters of guests on the beach. "It's all on the house," he roared, as his guests, wearing beach outfits, sunsuits, bikinis, swimsuits, jumpsuits and kaftans, came across the beach on their way to the house.

Mark Reid had a world-wide reputation for the lavishness of his parties, and he intended to enhance his reputation with this latest spread. Everybody of note in the area had been invited, including Jenny Peters, daughter of Sir Julian Peters, an important diplomat who had achieved notable success in creating harmony among the great nations of the world.

Napoleon, who had arrived with a particularly distinguished cargo of guests, kept close to Jenny. She, thought UNCLE, would be the target for THRUSH on this occasion. But what puzzled UNCLE at this stage was whether Mark Reid was mixed up with the THRUSH plots, or whether the anti-law organisation was using Reid's parties to execute their own fearsome schemes.

Napoleon noticed Mark paying close attention to Jenny, but that might be expected, anyway. Jenny Peters was an attractive girl, and any man would be pleased to be with her.



The recorded beat music echoed through the open-plan bungalow. Guests drank, danced, ate, and generally enjoyed themselves. The atmosphere was gay and happy and, with more than 300 guests in the house and its surrounding gardens, the noise was sufficient to drown the sound of a silencer-fitted automatic, for instance.

Napoleon had not let this fact escape him, and he was thinking about it, when a voice interrupted his thoughts: "Ah, Mr. Saxton, here's a man you ought to talk to. He's in advertising, too, so you should have a lot in common." Mark Reid's geniality sounded genuine, but Napoleon wondered, as a huge man with a small, black beard came up to him.

As the two got into conversation, it was difficult for Napoleon to keep his attention on either Mark Reid or Jenny Peters. But when he saw one of the servants approach Jenny and saw the look of concern on her face, Napoleon suspected a THRUSH move. Jenny was already walking

out of the room, following the servant, when the Man from UNCLE abruptly left his companion, and moved to follow.

The man with the beard moved quickly, but not quickly enough. The slight bulge of his pocket had not escaped Napoleon's notice as he had been introduced, and Napoleon reckoned that, as he turned his back to follow Jenny, the man with the beard would draw a gun on him. Napoleon's hunch was right. He spun round even more quickly than he had moved away, and was just in time to catch the gun coming out of the man's pocket. Napoleon's fist crunched into the leering, bearded face, and the gun shot away out of reach.

Napoleon had no time to follow through. His objective was Jenny Peters' safety, and he sprang from the room and rushed out into the grounds after her.

He moved towards a timber out-house, crept up to the side window, and saw a frightened Jenny Peters inside, being held at gun-point by a

THRUSH agent. She was cowering in a corner. Napoleon picked up a stone, and hurled it at the door. The THRUSH agent spun round, instinctively moved to the door and opened it, his gun pointed forward.

Napoleon, crouched behind the door, rocked it back on its hinges at just the right moment. The gun was knocked from the THRUSH agent's hand, and Napoleon put him out of action altogether with a beautiful double-fisted attack, a left to the stomach and a right to the chin.

"Come on," he called to Jenny, catching hold of her hand and pulling her from the hut. Jenny, confused and frightened, offered no resistance and, as the pair fled into the garden, more agents from THRUSH emerged from the house in pursuit.

In the hope of shaking THRUSH off, Napoleon dragged Jenny round the garden to the back of the bungalow, then sought cover behind a large bush.

"I can't run any further," gasped a breathless Jenny Peters. Napoleon had to play for time. As the THRUSH pack rushed up, he dropped an explosive knock-out capsule in their path. The white vapour oozed forth, and the gang withdrew, clutching their throats and rubbing their eyes.

"That'll keep 'em occupied for a while," mused Napoleon. Then he said to Jenny: "Come on. Let's go."

They made their way back to the timber outhouse and Napoleon deposited Jenny safely inside. "Stay there until I come back for you," he smiled. He closed the door on her, took a small infra-red torch-type instrument from his pocket, and held it for ten seconds to the lock. Automatically, the lock was secured. "That'll keep you safe until I return," he shouted.

He made his way to the bungalow. The party was still going on towards the front and in the gardens beyond, but the rear of the house was relatively quiet. Napoleon wandered through a softly lit library and came to a hallway. He turned into a study; examined the walls, ceiling and floor, but could find nothing suspicious. He turned to leave, and came face to face with Mark Reid.

"Looking for someone, Mr. Solo?"



Perhaps Mr. Kuryakin, eh?"

Napoleon's eyes narrowed. "So you were behind it after all," he retorted. In response, Mark Reid produced a flick-knife from an inside pocket, and advanced towards the Man from UNCLE. He thrust deeply, but Napoleon nipped to one side. As Mark Reid stumbled forward Napoleon chopped heavily at the right wrist, and the knife clattered to the floor. The millionaire playboy dived for it, but Napoleon brought his foot down on that same wrist, and Mark Reid yelled with pain.

"Why did you get messed up with THRUSH?"

Reid explained, breathing heavily:



"I'd done everything. My money had brought me everything I wanted. This brought some danger, challenge, excitement, into my life."

As he advanced towards Napoleon, the Man from UNCLE timed his blow beautifully, and a right cross to the face sent Mark Reid hurtling across the room. He slumped to the floor, and was still.

Napoleon smoothed himself down. "That should calm your excitement for a bit," he murmured.

He went over to the prone figure, helped him up and slapped his face. "Where's Illya? Where's Illya?" he insisted.

A pale and shaken Mark Reid stammered: "He's at the timber outhouse . . .," he gasped. Napoleon

sprang from the room and covered the distance to the outhouse in record time. He applied the torch-type instrument to the lock. Within a few seconds, there was a low-pitched click, and the door was no longer secure. He opened it and sprang inside.

His eyes widened and his eyebrows rose at the sight which greeted him. For not only was Jenny Peters there, safe and well, but sitting by her side at a small table in the corner of the outhouse was Illya.

The fair-haired Man from UNCLE smiled wryly at his companion. "I thought you'd never get here," he announced. Then he added, smiling at Jenny: "Not that I minded."

Napoleon demanded an explanation. "Okay, Illya, tell us how you did it."

"It was simple," said Illya. "When I came to, I was bound hand and foot, but no one was with me. I slipped my bonds, and then saw a kind of trap-door in the ceiling. I banged on it, and yelled once or twice, and Jenny here opened it up. THRUSH has a secret hideaway right below this place."

"That's right," confirmed Jenny. "I heard this banging and yelling, but was scared to do anything for a time. Then I thought I'd better do *something*, and lifted up the trap-door."

Illya rubbed his hands enthusiastically. "Now then, how about that party?"

"There's no party for you, my friend," retorted Napoleon.

He got no further. The familiar bleeping of his personal communicator broke in. "Mr. Solo—I take it that the exercise has gone according to plan?"

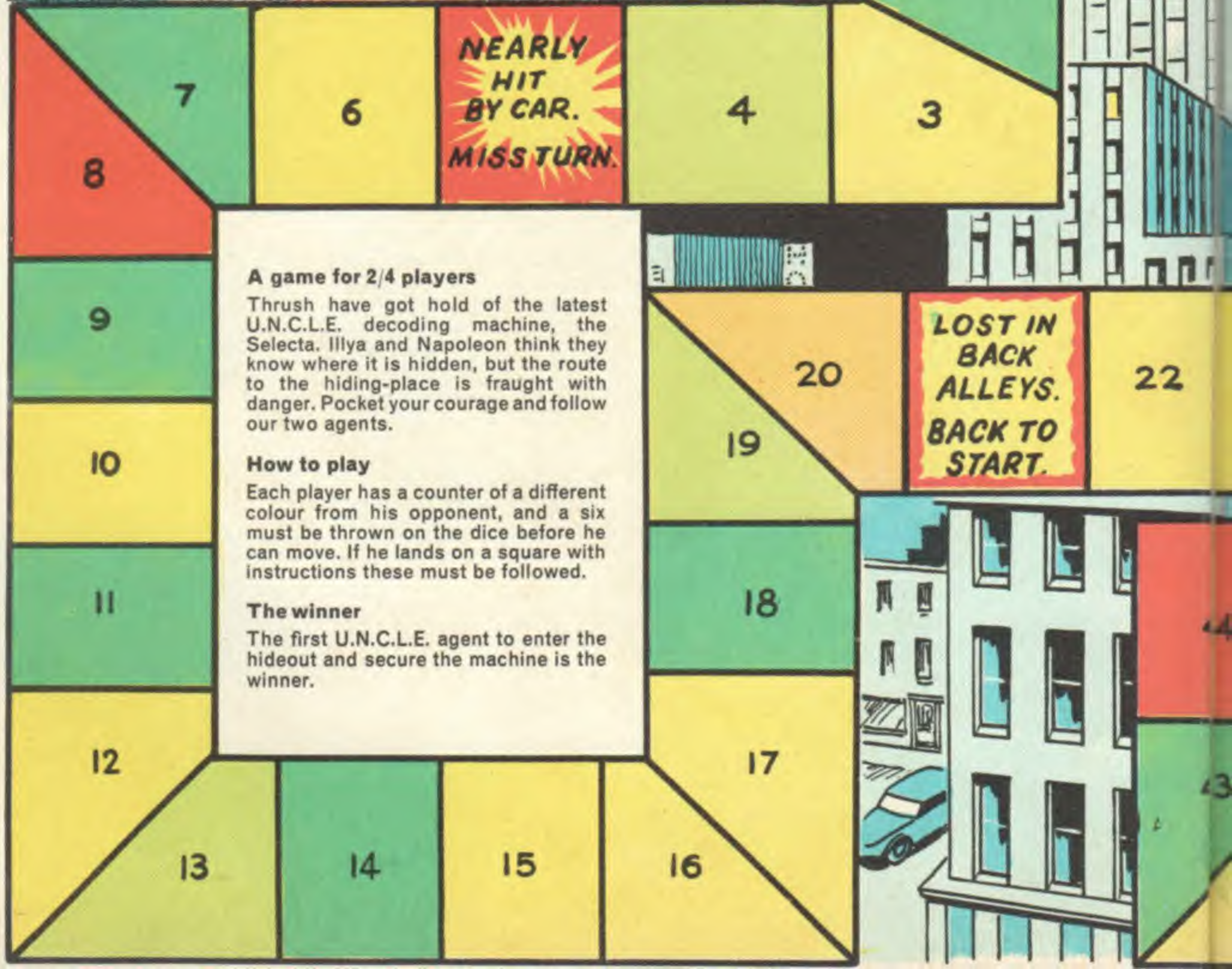
"According to plan, sir," reported Napoleon.

"Mr. Kuryakin failed to report in, as scheduled. If you come across him, you might remind him of UNCLE regulations, and the importance we attach to carrying out precisely the formality of regular communication."

"I'll tell him, sir," said Napoleon. Then he turned to Illya. "Come on, my friend. As I said, I think the party's over."



START



A game for 2/4 players

Thrush have got hold of the latest U.N.C.L.E. decoding machine, the Selecta. Ilya and Napoleon think they know where it is hidden, but the route to the hiding-place is fraught with danger. Pocket your courage and follow our two agents.

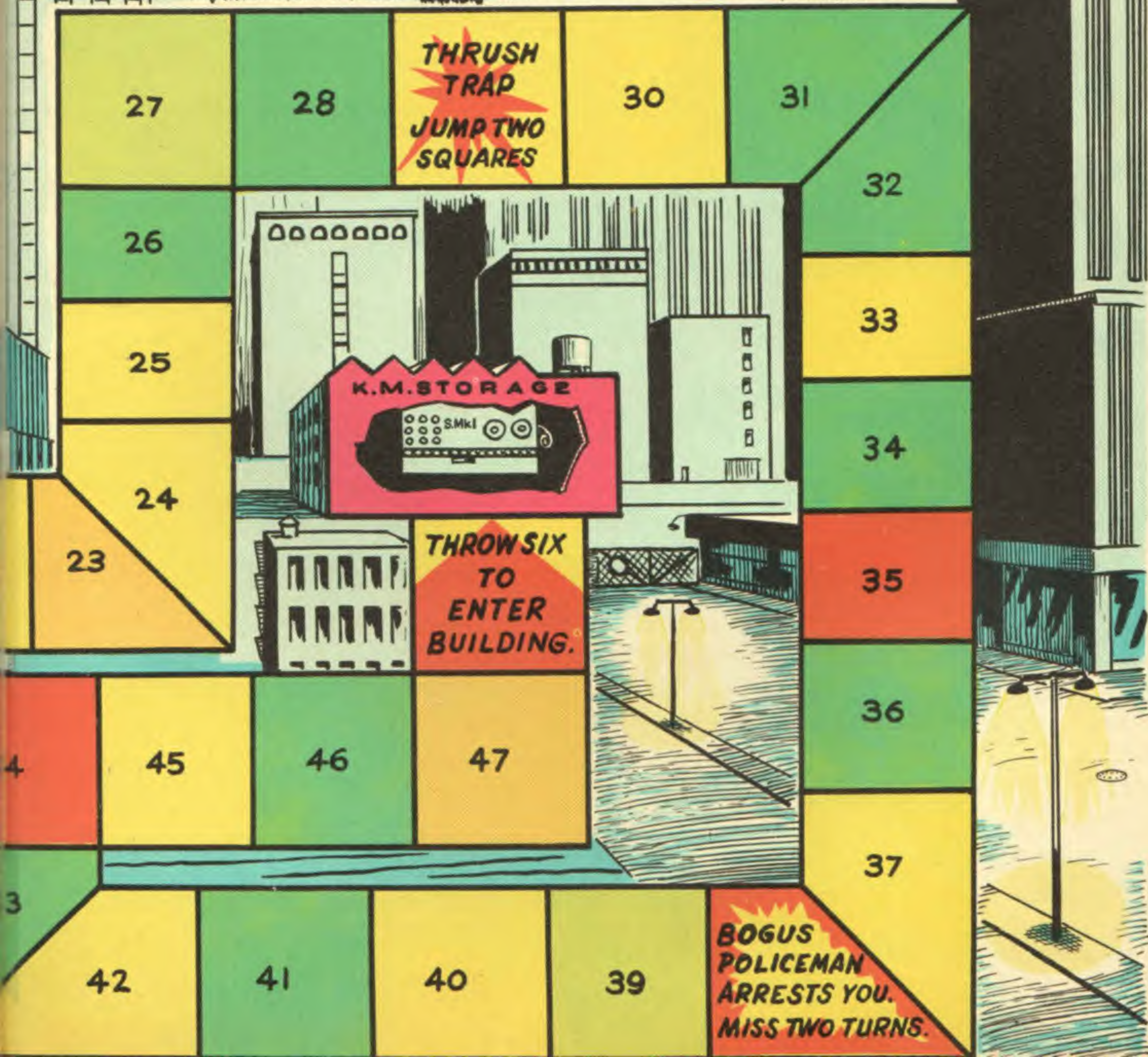
How to play

Each player has a counter of a different colour from his opponent, and a six must be thrown on the dice before he can move. If he lands on a square with instructions these must be followed.

The winner

The first U.N.C.L.E. agent to enter the hideout and secure the machine is the winner.

SELECTA AFFAIR





THE HIGHWAY TO THE SUN AFFAIR

Act I

Mr. Alexander Waverly looked up keenly as Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin strode into his sanctum at the Manhattan headquarters of the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement.

Without preamble, he said crisply: "How soon can you both be ready to fly to London?"

"Immediately, sir," answered Solo.

The tweedy head man of UNCLE grinned faintly. "I can't ask for anything speedier," he observed. "As a matter of fact, I've made arrangements for you to fly from Kennedy Airport in an hour from now—which gives me enough time to explain the nature of your mission."

"Which is both top priority and urgent, I guess," murmured Solo.

"Correct!" Mr. Waverly leaned forward over his wide desk with that slight increase of eagerness which comes to a man as he approaches the crux of an issue. "We have had a trans-Atlantic phone call from Sir Malcolm Tressider, the new Chief of Britain's MI6 organisation. He wants us to link-up with MI6 on an issue which deeply concerns both the U.S. and British defence set-up."

"How?" asked Illya, who at all times liked to get to the heart of things without delay.

Mr. Waverly leaned back with his fingers tipped together, like a miniature pyramid. "MI6 have reason to suspect that an anonymous international gang plan to hijack a complete shipment of highly sophisti-

cated arms from the Pool of London!" he rapped.

"How?" asked Illya again.

"My dear Kuryakin, if Tressider knew that he'd be able to act on his own," replied Waverly.

"An anonymous international gang," reflected Solo. "I think I can suggest a name—THRUSH!"

Mr. Waverly nodded his grizzled head approvingly. "With your razor-honed brain you cut straight to the very core of the issue, Solo. Mind you, Sir Malcolm has no evidence—but the very magnitude of the plot suggests the controlling genius of THRUSH. Tressider himself thinks this may well be so, hence his request to us. He feels that your inside knowledge of how THRUSH operates makes you the ideal special collaborators with MI6."

Napoleon said thoughtfully: "Ugo Canelli, boss of the THRUSH mob in Naples, hasn't been seen there in weeks, sir. I'm guessing he's in dear old London!"

"MI6 have conducted the most searching investigations without finding any trace of him there," answered Mr. Waverly.

Solo smiled thinly. "That doesn't prove anything, sir—Canelli is a pastmaster in the art of disguise—the man with a hundred passports and as many faces!"

"Then it will be your task to unmask him, my dear fellows," said Waverly. "It will also be your task to outwit an arms steal which, if it



succeeds, could mean a new blood-bath on the African continent."

"So that's where the gang plan to switch the arms shipment?" queried Kuryakin.

"Where else just at this time? Malgany has just been granted independence as one of the major developing nations. Colonel Moboda has been named President—but a rival military junta is already planning violent insurrection and will pay any price for the kind of weapons which would guarantee them success. It's exactly the kind of situation THRUSH love to exploit."

"Yeah, I can see that, sir," rejoined Illya. "But hijacking an entire shipload of arms under the noses of MI6 seems like a tall order even for THRUSH!"

"The taller the order the more ruthless the methods, my dear Kuryakin. That is why you are both flying at once to London. You will be met at Heathrow Airport by two of Sir Malcolm's most trusted officers



who will drive you straight to MI6 Headquarters for immediate top-level conferences."

Mr. Waverly stood up, extending a hand. "I wish you success in a mission as vital as any you have ever undertaken," he said gravely. "Good luck to you both . . ."

But, unknown to any of them, ill-luck was even now dogging their footsteps!

Act II

In a small office on the eleventh floor of a block adjoining UNCLE headquarters a sinewy man with a cadaverous face grinned evilly as he snapped off the control of a sub-miniature but immensely receptive radio bugging mechanism.

The self-powered transistorised "bug" had enabled him to overhear every word of the conversation in Mr. Waverly's sanctum!

He went across the room and seated himself in a chair alongside a telephone. In the last two hours he

had taken no less than three calls on it, all from London. But on each occasion he had nothing to report.

This time, though, he had!

He lit a slim black cigar, luxuriating in the thought of what he had to impart. Ugo Canelli would be pleased—and grateful.

In the silence of the small room the ringing of the phone sounded almost strident. The gaunt faced man picked up the receiver eagerly.

A voice said softly: "What news, Yarra?"

The man called Yarra said cosily: "Excellent news, signor." He explained carefully and in detail.

A cackle came into his ear from three thousand miles away. "You have done well, *amigo* . . ."

"I now do even better," said Yarra. He reached out his free hand and activated the control on a super playback. "Listen, signor—and you shall hear the whole conversation, which I recorded even as I eaves-dropped."

Ugo Canelli, in his secret hideout in London, listened without interruption. Then he said gleefully: "*Bella!* You have done most admirably. Be assured it will not be forgotten. Catch the next flight to London and proceed directly to our headquarters here. You will then meet old friends . . ."

Curiously, Yarra asked: "Who will they be, signor?"

"The men from UNCLE—who else?" gloated Ugo Canelli.

Act III

The big jet winged in at London's Heathrow Airport and Solo and Kuryakin stepped off it. They went through Customs and strolled into the arrivals lounge.

A tall man in a flawlessly cut grey suit stepped briskly forward. "Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin?" he said suavely.

Solo nodded.

"Major Charles Brand," the tall man said urbanely. He gestured to his companion. "This is my MI6 colleague, David Fairweather. Sir Malcolm sent us to meet you."

He walked with them from the lounge. Outside, a gleaming black Humber Imperial was parked. He held the door open and they got in. Brand took the wheel. Fairweather sat next to him.

Over his shoulder Brand said pleasantly: "Are you quite comfortable, gentlemen?"

When you sign a letter "Yours sincerely", you are in fact saying "Yours without wax". Long ago, dishonest traders would fill any chipped articles with wax and pass them off as perfect. A vendor displaying a notice, *Sine Cera*—without wax—was offering a perfect article which would stand any scrutiny.

Solo didn't answer immediately. He was staring fixedly at the back of Major Brand's neck. There was a small white triangular scar on it.

Then Solo said: "Yes, we're quite comfortable."

"If you are a little tired after your flight perhaps you would like to have a little sleep, eh?" murmured Brand.

"No, I doubt it," answered Illya.

"Then I must induce a little sleep," chuckled Brand. He touched a control on the instrument panel. Immediately, a plate-glass panel shot up, blocking them off from the two in front. In the next instant a sweet sickly aroma penetrated the rear of the big car.

Illya gasped: "Napoleon—we're trapped!"

The car was going through the underpass *en route* for the main roadway. Solo's deft hands were busy with his briefcase. The THRUSH miscreants weren't even looking back—why bother when you already have the victims helpless?

From the case Solo brought out a small, weapon-like object. He triggered it—holding it low down so that it could not be seen if either of the well-dressed thugs chanced to look round.

Illya breathed: "You've neutralised the sleep gas!"

"Yeah. It's my own invention—I haven't yet given it a name," answered his friend.

"Better call it Solo's Super," grinned Illya. "What do we do now?"

"These guys want us to sleep—so we do just that," grinned Napoleon.

The big car sped on into the West End and beyond, heading east past Tower Hill. It stopped in a narrow alleyway near Wapping Old Stairs.

The fake "Major" said: "Out with the UNCLE idiots!"

The other thug got the door open, reaching inside to grab Solo. The "Major" was at the offside door. And as they reached in to yank their captives out they were met by two knockout blows straight to their villainous chins!

The THRUSH hirelings went down like tenpins—and stayed down. Napoleon and Illya bounded from the car. An open warehouse door faced them. They went through it.



Now they were in a long corridor. There was a wide door at the bottom. Before they could reach it Solo heard the high drone of a motor cruiser.

"We've been spotted—they're making their getaway," he shouted.

The door was locked. Together they charged it with their shoulders turned. They had to do it three times before the panelling collapsed. Solo thrust a hand through, turned the key and they went in with their searing laser-ray guns at the ready.

But the big room was deserted. Steps led downwards from the other side. The UNCLE agents pelted down them. The steps finished on a subterranean jetty. In the mouth of the tunnel a cruiser was streaking for the open river.

Solo triggered his gun. A blinding flash erupted—but he knew the craft was just too far out now.

Without speaking, Solo raced back to the room. The THRUSH mob had left in a panic . . . maybe they'd also left a clue. There were filing cabinets in the room. Swiftly, Solo and Kuryakin ransacked them. All they found were bills and receipts which suggested the premises were used for a shipping agency business—a "front" for the gang's real purpose.

Then the phone rang. Solo yanked it up. A deep accented voice said: "All is in order, signor. The truck she is ready at the Milan tollgate."

"Grazie," said Napoleon. "And the time?"

"Why, the time we arrange, Signor

Canelli," answered the voice in surprise. "All is in readiness for the beeg journey down the *Autostrada del Sol* . . . *arriverderci, signor* . . ."

Solo hung up. His eyes were gleaming. "The hijack must have been done by now!" he rapped. "But I'll check."

He called MI6. A frantic voice gasped: "Sir Malcolm and his closest colleagues were found unconscious in his locked office twenty minutes ago . . . gassed . . ."

Solo said grimly: "And the security arrangements for guarding the arms ship?"

The voice gasped again. "They were called off . . . a special instruction from Sir Malcolm . . . a false instruction . . ."

"What happened then?" barked Napoleon.

"The entire shipment was switched to another vessel which has already left the Pool and is outside territorial waters, Mr. Solo. There'll be the dickens to pay . . ."

"What ship—surely it can be identified?"

"No one knows, Mr. Solo. The switch was made with fake orders and was superintended by a group of men unknown to us." There was a pause, then: "Sir Malcolm is recovering, he wants to speak to you."

Tressider came on the line. Solo spoke succinctly. "I have reason to believe the arms will be taken ashore at the nearest Channel port, switched to Milan and thence down the *Autostrada del Sol*—almost certainly for embarkation at Naples, sir. Kuryakin and myself will fly there at once!"

"I'll join you at Heathrow in thirty minutes," said Tressider tightly. "I only hope we're going to be in time . . ."

Act IV

The special plane came in at Milan Airport. Solo, Kuryakin, Sir Malcolm and a posse of top security men were immediately rushed by car to the entrance to the *autostrada*.

An Interpol official said: "No truck can enter now without being fully scrutinised."

Tressider said: "If the arms are being driven across the Continent

they won't be here for at least a day."

Solo thought fast. "There's a smaller airfield at Lugano, Sir Malcolm. It's my guess that a number of private planes will have landed there—with a very big truck waiting! Can we check?"

The Interpol man nodded and went away. When he came back he said excitedly: "Five planes landed there within the space of an hour. They unloaded crates and transferred them to a furniture removal truck—which is on its way to Milan this moment!"

"We'll be ready," snapped Sir Malcolm. "Have the guards in full readiness."

The wait wasn't long. A huge truck rumbled up. It slowed down as



it neared the tollgate . . . then, without warning, the driver accelerated!

The giant vehicle zoomed headlong for the barrier, blasted straight through it with a thunderous roar—and in the next instant was streaking down the motorway.

Illya yelled: "Supercharged motor in a furniture truck . . . we'll need a super car to catch them!"

The Interpol officer gestured to a big Maserati. But Napoleon Solo wasn't even looking. His shrewd gaze was riveted on a platoon of small vans going unhurriedly through the tollgate.

Before he could speak, the last of the vans was going down the *autostrada*.

Impatiently, Sir Malcolm shouted from the big car: "Hurry, Solo—there's no time to lose."

Even as he spoke the vans accelerated. Within seconds they were hitting the high eighties!

Solo leaped into the waiting car.

"It's a trick, Sir Malcolm," he exclaimed. "They *want* us to follow that truck . . . unless all my theories are at fault, the arms have been transferred to that bunch of innocent-looking vans!"

The chauffeur gunned the big engine. They swept out on to the motorway which slashes straight down the middle of Italy to Naples.

The vans roared on. Already they were ahead of the truck—mere specks in the far distance. Then, suddenly, the huge truck swung diagonally across the twin-track carriageway—blocking it!

The Maserati pulled up with a scream of crash-breaking. A motorway police patrol raced up on a powerful motorcycle. The rider propped his machine up and ran towards them.

Almost without pausing to think, Napoleon swung himself in the saddle with Illya on the pillion. In the next second they had snaked round the

straddled truck and were going south with the speedometer needle soaring into the nineties!

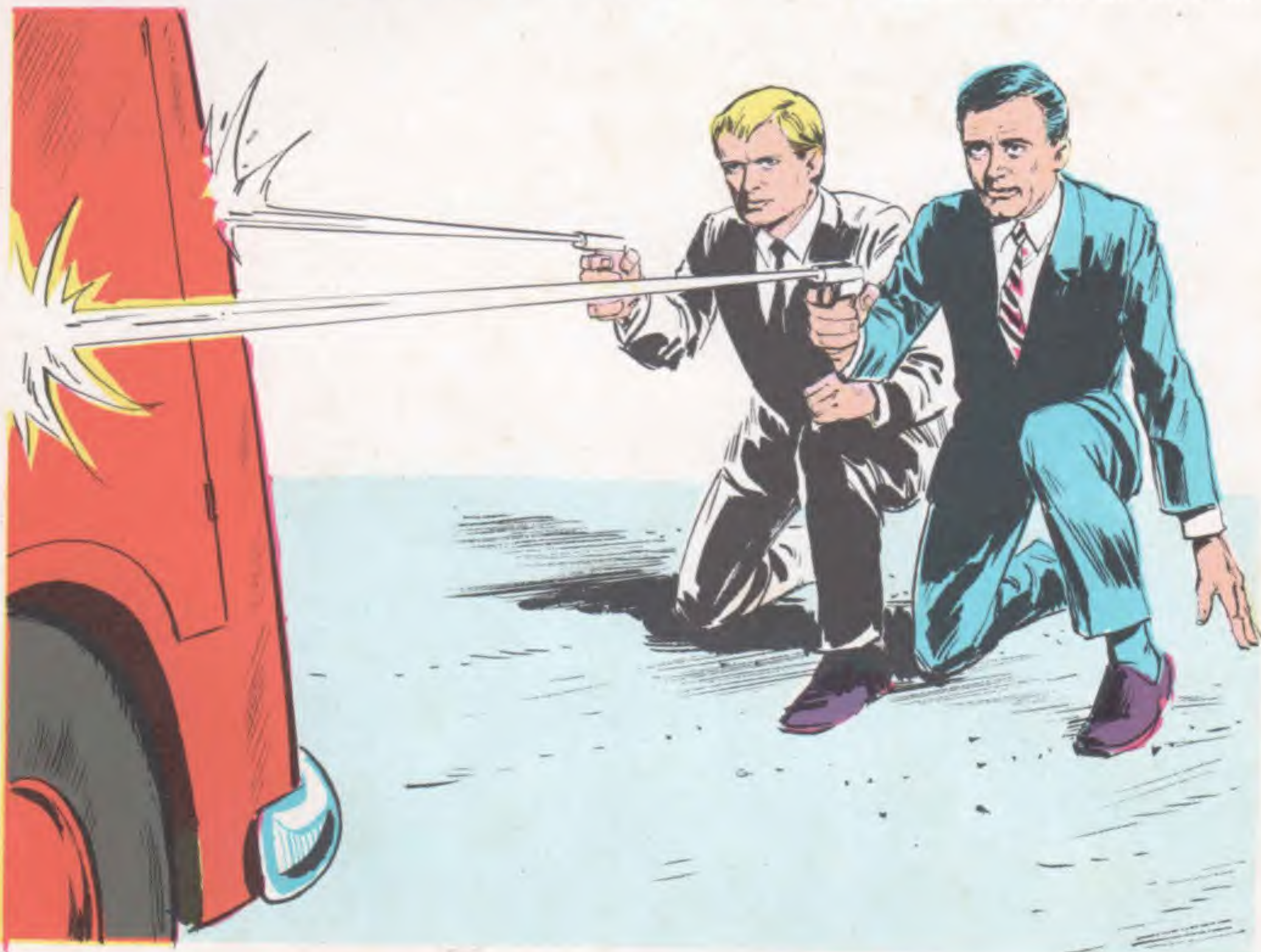
The *autostrada* tore through the Plains of Lombardy, straight as a ruler. The distance shrank. The fleeing vans loomed ahead. Solo slammed the twist-grip wide open. With a terrific burst from the exhaust, they streaked to the head of the platoon. Solo went down through the gears, steered on to the side.

They jumped off in unison, went down on one knee, aiming. Twin blasts of blinding white light hit the foremost van full on. The engine screeched a high dissonance of sound and stopped.

There was a tremendous crash as van after van rammed the one in front until the entire procession of vehicles ground to a halt.

Yelling **THRUSH** mobsters brandishing sub-machine guns erupted from them. But they were too late!

The intrepid **UNCLE** heroes were





fanning their laser rays in a wide, continuous arc. Metal crunched and split apart . . . while the occupants squealed in crazed panic, wheeling and turning in a mad rush to dodge the searing ray-blasts.

Then, from down the motorway, came the roar of the Maserati and a posse of police cars. It was all over. Except for one man—Ugo Canelli. With a wild yelp, he yanked a deadly grenade launcher from one of the vans. One blast and the men from UNCLE would be blown to atomised fragments!

There was no more than a split second of time, but Solo used it. His finger curled on the control. The beam ripped the grenade launcher from Canelli's nerveless grasp. Then, in a single mighty bound, the Man from UNCLE was on the THRUSH boss.

There was a sharp metallic click as gleaming manacles were slammed on the miscreant's wrists. Canelli babbled: "How . . . how . . ."

"The guy you sent to kidnap us had a telltale scar on his neck—a scar he got in a fight with myself," chuckled Solo. "He'd changed his

face by plastic surgery but he forgot the scar, so we turned the tables on him!"

Sir Malcolm came up. "You were right, Solo," he said. "The vans are stuffed with hijacked armaments. Good show, old boy . . ."

Act V

Solo was on the phone to Mr. Alexander Waverly.

"Splendid!" cried the head man of UNCLE. "What's your next move?"

"We're rounding up the entire THRUSH bunch, handing them over to the authorities and then . . . well, we figured we'd take a short

holiday, sir."

"A holiday? Well, I suppose you've both earned one."

Napoleon chuckled. "We're on the *Autostrada del Sol*—the Highway to the Sun, sir—so we kind of have the idea of taking a short vacation by the sunny Mediterranean!"

"I suggest you drive south to Naples, then take the sea route to the Isle of Capri," said Mr. Waverly smoothly.

"That's a swell idea, sir . . ." A sudden suspicion came to Napoleon. "What makes you suggest Capri?" he asked, uneasily.

Mr. Waverly chuckled. "I've got a new and highly dangerous job lined up for you both there," he said.

SECURITY LEAK TWO DEAD

From our special correspondent, New York, Wednesday

TWO MEN WERE FOUND DEAD AND TWO MORE WERE HELD FOR QUESTIONING AS POLICE LAUNCHED A MASSIVE HUNT FOR THE PLANS OF THE H.G. 109 MISSILE STOLEN FROM SECURITY HEADQUARTERS EARLY THIS MORNING

The police have issued a statement saying they would like to interview two men seen leaving the area after a running battle with the men in custody.

One eye-witness gave this account: "There was this loud bang and I saw a car, with four guys in, smashed against a wall. Two other guys ran up to the car and then ran off carrying a briefcase. After about 10 seconds, two guys with machine-guns staggered out of the car and started blasting the guys with the briefcase. Then the cops arrived and it was all over. It happened so fast I didn't see where the guys with the briefcase got to, but they were sure travelling fast."

The two dead men were in the front seat of the car, and have not yet been identified. The two men in custody are charged with various offences in connection with the International Security Act, and refuse to make statements.

Vital Weapon

The H.G. 109 is the most advanced defensive weapon of its kind, and is considered vital to the maintenance of world peace. With as detailed a knowledge as the plans give, any hostile country could render the missile useless.

An identikit picture of the two men still at large has been issued to all police personnel.



ACCOMPLISHED

UNCLE REPORT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

MISSION: Recovery of the H.G. 109 missile plans.

AGENTS: Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin.

AGENTS' REPORT THURSDAY 1200 hours

Wednesday

0600 hours: Alert received.

0630 hours: Arrived at security plant and obtained descriptions of the thieves from a wounded guard.

0800 hours: Thieves recognised from UNCLE files as prominent members of THRUSH.

0840 hours: THRUSH agents reported seen in a disused warehouse by the docks. THRUSH power-boat sighted approaching the area along the river.

0910 hours: We set out for warehouse.

0930 hours: THRUSH agents try to leave in a black limousine. We fire at the tyres and the car crashes into a wall. There is no movement inside the car. We rush to the wrecked vehicle and take the plans from a semi-conscious THRUSH agent. We hear police sirens and more shooting as we escape down a complex of narrow streets.

1200 hours: Stopped by THRUSH agents from the power-boat. After a hand-to-hand battle we board the launch and set sail for UNCLE headquarters.

Thursday
0830 hours: A thorough search of the vessel reveals several dossiers on some of the more notorious THRUSH agents.

0935 hours: Missile plans returned to Security Headquarters and an explanation given to the police and the Press, although it arrived too late to stop publication of the story.

VERDICT: MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

Illya Kuryakin
Napoleon Solo



